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### THE BIRMINGHAM MINISTERIAL PROGRAMME.

THE Ministerial programme which has been published, of course "on undoubted authority," by a Birmingham paper, elucidates, although it is probably a result of pure conjecture, a problem which is itself not uninteresting. Political observers who have willingly been compelled to abstain from reposing implicit confidence in the present Government may reasonably suspect themselves of a certain liability to prejudice. Their interpretation of the hints or communications which from time to time proceed from different Ministers is subject to a possible bias; and a conscientious critic would desire to correct any possible deflection of judgment by comparing or contrasting his own conclusions with the judgment of ardent partisans of the Government. The writer in the *Birmingham Post*, whose "undoubted authority" may be dismissed as a convenient fiction or an apocryphal fancy, supplies an answer to the question how the policy of the Government presents itself to a zealous and acute Radical of the same order with an American manager of elections or of Conventions, who unhesitatingly assumes that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have no object but to maintain and increase their power, having satisfied himself by careful study of their language and their acts that no consideration of consistency, of justice, or of regard to the public good will interfere with a single-minded devotion to the interests of themselves and of the faction on which they are supposed to rely. According to the "undoubted authority," the Cabinet has during its recent meetings selected a list of measures for the next Session on precisely the same principle on which the Cincinnati Convention nominated Mr. GREELEY. It was supposed that a person unfit to be President would have the best chance of election, and it is thought by undoubted authorities that the Government is about to legislate exclusively with a view to the impending dissolution. The ingenious projector, in due logical order, begins his statement by clearly propounding the object which is to be attained. The period of dissolution depends, it seems, on the docility of the House of Commons; and the writer scarcely conceals his opinion that the principal measure of the Session will be made to be rejected, so that "local taxation will come to the front as the chief hustings topic at the next general election." It follows that the proposed readjustment of local taxation is to be so devised as to command the largest amount of electoral support. Landowners are comparatively few in number, and many of them are already opposed to the Government; and consequently a large amount of the burden is to be shifted on to their shoulders. Owners of houses may perhaps exercise influence in boroughs, and therefore their property is not to be touched, if indeed they are not to receive exceptional and gratuitous relief. Occupiers, as a numerous class, are better worth courting; and, on the whole, it would seem that the landowners are to be exclusively the sufferers. "Land has," according to the "undoubted authority," "enormously risen in value of late years," and "the relative rise in the value has not been overtaken by the means of local taxation." The rise in value, such as it is, and as far as it accrues to the landlord, is measured with the greatest accuracy by the rise in rent; and the rates are proportionate to the rents. Where the rates have increased, the burden on land has kept pace with the impost; and if local taxation has remained stationary, there seems to be neither reason nor pretext for readjustment. When the owner has allowed the tenant to receive the larger share of the increase of value, it would seem that the occupier scarcely requires any legislative relief. The owners and occupiers of house property and the occupiers of land "will be materially relieved by the Government measure, and the

"PREMIER must prepare accordingly to brave the wrath of the 'squirearchy.' The whole project is a gloss on Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill of 1870, and on speeches which have been made at different times by himself and by other Ministers. Commentators on the scheme have often been accused of injustice to the Government; but it would seem that their inferences approximately coincide with the jubilant announcement of the Ministerial prophet. That a topic may be provided for the hustings a shameless measure of spoliation is to be directed against a class which has the fault of imperfectly sympathizing with the Ministry. Of a Land Bill to be introduced by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL it is declared, in precisely the same tone, that it will alarm the lawyers and be "unpalatable to our hereditary legislators." It matters nothing whether the Bill is just and expedient, or even whether it is likely to pass. It will in any case be useful for the general election. The "undoubted authority" seems to have overlooked Mr. GOSCHEN's intimation, as confirmed by the *Times*, that the Government meditates the expropriation of all corporate landowners; but perhaps he may have intended to suggest to the oracle of which he transmits the responses that it would not be prudent to make a simultaneous attack on private and on corporate proprietors. If the squires could be persuaded to rob the Colleges they would greatly facilitate subsequent proceedings against themselves; and, on the other hand, speculative reformers at Oxford and Cambridge, who have theories of their own about private property in land, might perhaps be startled by a proposal for selling off University endowments. If the omission is due to prudence rather than to negligence, the anonymous interpreter of the Ministerial policy may be congratulated on a caution which would not have been injudicious on the part of MR. GOSCHEN.

Of course "it is more than probable that the first legislative endeavour of any Government to go to the root of the land question will be tentative and unsuccessful, and that land reform also will be one of the unsettled questions of the year 1873." It is much more than probable that if the Government, in accordance with the statement of the voluntary exponent of their policy, bring forward measures for the express purpose, not of being settled, but of being used as topics of agitation at the hustings, the questions with which they deal will remain unsettled. It must nevertheless be remembered that the Ministers are only so far responsible for the project that it expresses the deductions which have been drawn from their characters and their conduct by a sympathizing and enthusiastic partisan. They would have had much reason to complain of any opponent who had assumed without evidence that they were capable of designs so profligate in pursuance of a policy so cynically selfish. In a natural or acquired incapacity to believe that a Liberal statesman can retain either principle or self-respect, the Birmingham "authority" ventures on the rash assertion that Mr. FORSTER is about to bring in a Bill "to amend the 25th Section of the English Education Act, so as to satisfy the fair claims of Dissenters and the Education League." Mr. FORSTER had not long since an opportunity of speaking for himself; and he plainly announced his determination rather to resign office than to introduce legislative measures of which he disapproved. He at least is incapable of bringing in Bills to be rejected, in the hope that they may serve the interests of his party at the next general election. When the professed organ of the Government comes to the question of Irish Education he is subject to unwanted embarrassment. The question is, of course, as in the other instances, how the greatest number of votes is to be obtained at a general election; but then there are Dissenting voters in England, and Roman Catholic voters in Ireland. As it is difficult or impossible to satisfy both, it is

assumed that Mr. GLADSTONE will adopt the course which he denounced with unqualified indignation when it was proposed in the last Session by Mr. FAWCETT. The Bill will be confined to the abolition of University tests, and "the pretensions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy will be left to be dealt with by the constituency of the United Kingdom." In the same way Mr. GREELEY and his Convention resolved to leave the question of Free-trade or Protection to "the people in their Congressional districts." Mr. GREELEY derived little advantage from an unscrupulous abdication of responsibility, but the orator of the Upas-tree is believed by his admirers to be capable of deciding by counting votes whether he shall complete his amputation of the noxious branches. The imaginary programme is not complimentary to Mr. GLADSTONE or to his colleagues; but, after all, political teaching, like any other kind of communication, can only be received *in modum recipientis*. A local professor of party politics is not likely to introduce into his calculations considerations of public duty, of personal self-respect, or of regard to the traditional rule which restrains Ministers from creating agitation for purposes of their own.

For some time past the elections which have occurred have afforded little encouragement to perseverance in a policy of promiscuous disturbance. At Londonderry the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL has been defeated by an opponent whom he graciously described as "a pious attorney from London." The electors apparently saw no reason why a successful solicitor should not aspire to a seat in Parliament, and perhaps they were not even aware that the imputation of piety was disgraceful, although it was offensively applied. Mr. PALLE is in his public capacity so far pious that he is a devoted supporter of Ultramontane doctrines; and he intimated that in prosecuting the Galway priests he was principally actuated by a regard for the character of a calumniated hierarchy. It is satisfactory to find that the Home Rule faction were left in an insignificant minority. Some interest attaches to the contest in the remote islands of Orkney and Shetland, where Mr. LAING, as the avowed supporter of the moderate section of the Ministry, has obtained the united support of the Liberals and of the moderate Conservatives. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the Government or its understrappers have favoured the candidature of Sir PETER TAIT, who rests his pretensions on his devotion to the present Ministry and to the cause of Disestablishment. If official support has been given to the extreme candidate, it will be inferred that Mr. GLADSTONE has resolved to abolish the English and Scotch Establishments. If his Birmingham prophet had been able to announce that the Church as well as the land was to be offered up for the purposes of the general election, his estimate of the wisdom and honesty of his chosen leader would have been still more instructive.

#### THE STRUGGLE AT VERSAILLES.

IN the Report of the KERDREL Committee the Right have taken up an unmistakable position and faced for the first time the difficulty of explaining it to the world. The mission of the Assembly is not merely to deliver France from the double burden of an army of occupation and an unpaid indemnity. That is one of the things it has to do, but it is only one of them. Its other function is to protect France against her internal enemies, to trample Radicalism under foot. Careless observers may have thought that this trampling process was thoroughly carried out after the recapture of Paris from the Commune. The KERDREL Committee are better informed. They can recognize their enemy in the deputy as well as in the rebel. While M. GAMBETTA is suffered to sit in the Assembly and to speak in the provinces, Radicalism is still rampant and has still to be conquered. When once this theory of Radicalism has been clearly formulated, the inconsistency which has often been objected to in the Conservative position disappears. From their point of view the Assembly represents France as truly as ever it did. The calumniated majority, the majority which is said to have no corresponding majority in the country, embodies the convictions and wishes of all parties among Frenchmen. For the Radicals, it seems, are not a party—it would be as accurate to call the German soldiery in the occupied departments a party. They are enemies, and as such they have no title to representation. Not only, therefore, does the Assembly represent France sufficiently; it represents it better than any newly elected Assembly could possibly represent it. The existing Assembly was elected when the French nation was

exceptionally able to return a genuine copy of itself. The Radicals were for the moment nowhere. The enemy had scarcely any voice in the elections; the true France, Conservative, Catholic, Monarchical France, was free for once to speak her mind. Since that time the weakness of the Executive has allowed the foe to raise his head again. Radicalism once more occupies a great part of the country, would control the elections, and would send up its own candidates to the Assembly. The duty of the Conservative party, therefore, is to resist every attempt to lessen the hold upon France which Providence has given it. It has never been in so advantageous a position as now for making a decisive crusade upon Radicalism. It can command the Assembly if the Conservatives in the Assembly will only be true to themselves, and in this way it secures a technical title to the obedience of the nation. The Assembly is sitting outside Paris, and is no longer exposed to that sudden overthrow which has overtaken former Legislatures. Conservatives all over the Continent are alive to the common danger, and will come to the help of their French brethren if at any time the battle should seem to be going against them. The strength which M. THIERS can bring to any Government is not undervalued. If he will frankly cast in his lot with the Conservatives, they will gladly continue him in power. But this strength makes him all the more dangerous if he persists in casting in his lot with the enemies of France instead of with her true children. It is better to have a weak Government which sees its danger and does its best to meet it than a strong Government which insists upon calling foes friends, and allows itself to be claimed as an ally by the very men who are destroying France.

If once the Conservative premisses are conceded, their conclusion is inevitable. All Radicals are enemies of society, and should be treated as such; all Liberals are Radicals—the weakest logician may be trusted to see what follows. It is clear, too, that between M. THIERS and a party which has put down its foot in this way there can be neither sympathy nor co-operation. One or other of them must change their whole conception of what France is and what France needs before they can agree upon a policy. M. THIERS wishes to unite all Frenchmen in the pursuit of a common object; the KERDREL Committee wishes to unite all Frenchmen in pursuit of a common object. But both the object and the persons to be united in pursuit of it are absolutely antagonistic. With M. THIERS the object is a Government which can be accepted by Liberals and Conservatives alike, and the persons to be united are all who profess and call themselves Frenchmen. With the KERDREL Committee the object is a Government which shall be accepted by the Conservatives, and the persons to be united are all who are willing to deny the name of Frenchman to a Radical. Every step that M. THIERS takes towards the accomplishment of his design brings the Conservative ideal a step nearer to destruction. Every Radical who accepts the Republic which M. THIERS offers is, in the eyes of M. BATBIE and his friends, an additional traitor in the citadel. Between men who think in this way and the PRESIDENT there is a great gulf fixed. The KERDREL Committee cannot come to him, and he cannot go to the KERDREL Committee. This is the fundamental distinction which underlies and makes intelligible the seemingly trifling discussion whether Ministerial responsibility or a Second Chamber shall be set up first. Englishmen are puzzled to understand why the Liberals are opposing Ministerial responsibility, while the Conservatives are opposing a Second Chamber. But to introduce Ministerial responsibility pure and simple into the existing Chamber would be to hand over the Government to a party which, in the opinion of Liberals, has no title to represent France, and which is not willing to submit such title as it claims to have to the test of a general election. Ministerial responsibility would regulate M. THIERS to the position of a constitutional Sovereign, saddled with the obligation of accepting whatever Ministers the Assembly might choose to impose upon him, but destitute of the right possessed by every other constitutional Sovereign of ascertaining at his pleasure whether the country and the Assembly are really at one. M. THIERS would have the name of President, but his power would be limited to carrying out the views of General CHANGARNIER or the Duke of BROGLIE. On the other hand, M. BATBIE is perfectly in the right when he says that the establishment of a Second Chamber would be the political testament of the Assembly. The reason he assigns for this statement is, that the conditions of legislative power would be changed, and the members of the existing Legislature would be bound to ask the ratification of their constituents for what they had done. If a Liberal Second

Chamber were returned—and on any system of election this would almost certainly be the case—M. THIERS would be able to treat it as the true expression of the national will, and to give the Assembly its choice between being ignored and being dissolved. Ministerial responsibility would transfer the control of affairs from M. THIERS to the Right; a Second Chamber would only make M. THIERS more completely master of the situation. It is no wonder that each combatant should be resolute, for neither can yield upon this point without virtually yielding upon all.

Fortunately for France the Assembly has still to judge between the PRESIDENT and the KERDREL Committee. The latter propose that a Committee of fifteen members shall be appointed to bring in a Bill for establishing Ministerial responsibility. The Government propose that a Committee of thirty shall be appointed to bring in a Bill not only to give effect to the principle of Ministerial responsibility, but to regulate the relative functions of public authorities at the same time. The uncertainty as to the result which reigns in the Assembly itself may be inferred from the different wishes expressed by men of the same party as to the time when a vote should be taken. M. BATRIE was in favour of going to a division at once, fearing probably the effect of M. THIERS's eloquence upon the wavering of the Right Centre; M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER was in favour of discussion, either relying on his own power of exciting a Conservative panic, or from an instinctive feeling that a course which the Left wished to avoid must have some hidden advantage for the Right. The anxiety of the Left to precipitate a division is said by the *Times* Correspondent to have been caused by their wish to vote simply on M. BATRIE's motion, though it is not quite clear why it should have been more practicable to do this yesterday than it will be to do it next week. If the decisive division is taken on M. DUFRAUDE's motion, and not on M. BATRIE's, the Extreme Left will doubtless find themselves in a dilemma, and may be driven to desert M. THIERS rather than recognize the constituent powers of the existing Assembly. It is probable, however, that if this result is foreseen some new turn will be given to the motion by which the Left will be able to give a united vote in favour of the Government without directly falsifying their denial of the Assembly's competence to effect any constitutional change. On the whole, the postponement of the division promises to be a gain for the Government. There must be many members of the Right Centre, and some perhaps of the Right itself, who distrust the power of their friends to govern France. If the Conservatives undertake to set up a President and a Ministry of their own, they will have to contend, not only with the difficulties which would attend such a course under any circumstances and at any time, but with the additional unpopularity of having turned out M. THIERS. How universal this unpopularity would be may be judged from the addresses in support of his policy which keep coming in from one town after another until they promise in the end to include nearly every municipality in France. Timid Conservatives may feel that it is now or never with the Right; but in view of the tremendous responsibilities which will devolve on them if they choose now, they may fairly think that never is to be preferred.

#### LITERARY LICENSE.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON has appealed to a court of law to redress the wrongs which he conceives himself to have sustained at the hands of the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in being denounced in that journal as the writer of obscene and vamped-up books, and as "making a 'racket to get these books sold.'" The main issue for the parties to the trial may, in such cases, be different from that which is the main issue for the public; for the necessary subtleties of the law of libel have to regulate the pecuniary liabilities of proprietors of journals. The real question of importance is not whether under the law of libel a newspaper is legally justified in using the precise expressions adopted in the *Pall Mall*, but whether Mr. DIXON was morally justified in publishing such a book as *Spiritual Wives*. In this respect the general result of the trial, unmistakably in our opinion, shows that he was not justified. There is such a thing as literary liberty, which ought to be steadily upheld, and every attempt to repress this liberty by prudes and bigots ought to be steadily opposed. But there is also such a thing as literary license, when an author puts before the public in a popular form things that ought not to come to the knowledge of those whom it behoves

society to keep as far as possible pure in heart; and the offence is greatly aggravated when objectionable matter of this kind is obtruded merely as a subject of philosophical and impartial inquiry, put into an entertaining form according to the power of the author to entertain his readers, and mixed up with theories which the author certainly does not reprehend, even if he does not positively adopt them. In writing *Spiritual Wives* Mr. DIXON wrote a book which he ought not to have written, and no other proof of this is wanted than the passages from the book which have this week been read in court on a trial which Mr. DIXON himself set on foot. Without taking any extreme standard, without letting Mr. DIXON be condemned by good women to whom all exceptionally bad things are strange, or by men of highly sensitive and scrupulous feelings, or by men living only in seclusion and retirement, we may safely say that among all the readers of the painful and disgusting matter which this week's trial has made notorious, there is not a single man of sense and honour, however much accustomed he may be to the world and its iniquities, who would not say that Mr. DIXON made a great mistake in publishing *Spiritual Wives*. Mr. DIXON stated in court, and every one knows, that he has written a great many books, and that most of them, however various may be their literary merit, are unobjectionable. But it was because he was previously known favourably that *Spiritual Wives* was read at all by decent people and circulated in the innocent regions of family life. It was not right, or honourable, or gentlemanly, thus to abuse the confidence of the public.

In order to show what we mean, and what were the errors of Mr. DIXON in the composition of this book, and why we think that in publishing it he transgressed the bounds of literary liberty and strayed into the regions of literary license, it is necessary to refer briefly to its contents. Mr. DIXON, we think, committed three very grave errors. In the first place, it was not right for any purpose or in any shape to publish in a popular work the loathsome stories of the Ebelites and the Princeites. There are many repulsive facts which are properly gathered together for political or medical purposes, and of which men whose duty lies that way are bound to take notice. But what should we say if a writer whose works found their way into every family—Miss YONGE, for instance, or Mr. TROLLOPE—wrote a novel based on the disclosures contained in the Parliamentary Report on the Contagious Diseases Acts? Mr. DIXON's trespass against right feeling was almost precisely the same as that of the misguided women whose heads are full of this literature, and who go about lecturing and canvassing on the strength of what they have read, taking advantage of the respect due to their womanhood and their own personal purity to debase and mislead the public mind. In the next place, Mr. DIXON described the horrible proceedings of these fanatics with perfect impartiality. He did not, of course, defend them, but he instilled the opinion that they might be discussed and thought of without any judgment being pronounced on them, just as if he were describing the quaint whims of mad people who fancy themselves emperors or heroes. He even did more, for he showed that he had found his inquiry a very fascinating one, and painted with frank warmth the charms of the principal of PRINCE's victims. He describes this poor deluded creature exactly as a novelist would describe the heroine of his tale; and perhaps nothing that he says of her would be objectionable in the description of a heroine. But it is a serious offence against good taste and right feeling to paint a fallen woman, whose shame should be hidden, in the traits which a novelist legitimately draws in order to engage the sympathies of his readers in favour of the good but love-tossed young lady of his tale. There are few readers of Sir WALTER SCOTT who would not echo the remark of Sir JOHN KARSLAKE, that a writer who could bear to write as Mr. DIXON wrote of PRINCE's companion in vice was not exactly the man to be asked to preside at a dinner in honour of the delineator of LUCY ASHTON and DIANA VERNON. Between the author of *Waverley* and the author of *Spiritual Wives* there was a gulf fixed which no one should have thought of bridging over. Lastly, Mr. DIXON, far from condemning the system of spiritual wives, ended his book by enunciating a theory of his own, to the effect that the system was countenanced by the example of St. PAUL, and further, that it was nothing but an inevitable result of the innate tendencies of the Teutonic race; and he indicated that the Teutonic race by having these tendencies, which were of a romantic and mysterious character, showed its immense

superiority over the Latin race, which could not get beyond escaping from the inconveniences of ill-assorted marriages by the perfectly unmysterious process of the married couple committing adultery. It is true that in a later edition of his book Mr. DIXON inserted a warning note, entreating his readers not to be led away by what he had written. But such a note is at most a tiny mitigation of his offence. He had written the book and published it, and he must abide by what he had done.

His counsel thought it advisable to ask him in the course of the trial what was his object in writing this book, and Serjeant PARRY, who has had much experience in his time, probably never received a more remarkable answer. This is what Mr. DIXON said was the object of *Spiritual Wives* :—"I wished to point out that this diseased activity of certain sects and communities arising mainly from the revivals in the country, were sad and disastrous illustrations of what might come out of a perversion of the spiritual manifestations of those forces, and I wanted to point out to the conservative Churches the desirability of stopping it at the root." We must believe that this is what Mr. DIXON now thinks to have been his object in writing *Spiritual Wives*, but it must be most mortifying to him to perceive on reconsideration how very imperfectly this object was attained. Mr. DIXON wished to point out to the conservative Churches the necessity of stopping licentious fanaticism at the root; and the only way in which he could think of putting these Churches on their guard was to publish two large volumes in which the filthy practices of certain fanatics were described with no reprehension, and with an evident enjoyment of the task; to defend the peculiar system of these fanatics by the authority of St. PAUL, and by a theory of the tendencies of the race to which Englishmen and Englishwomen belong; and then to sow his precious production broadcast through English families by means of the circulating libraries. How he must wish now that he had had recourse to a simpler and more efficacious method—that he had collected his facts in the driest and simplest form, had had only three copies of the tiny volume printed, and had sent them to the Bishop of LONDON, to Dr. MCLEOD, and Mr. NEWMAN HALL. It is true that this would have been not at all a lucrative way of proceeding; he would have gained neither money nor notoriety by the transaction; but then he would have had the deep inward satisfaction of thinking that he had really done something to effect the high and holy purpose on which he was bent, instead of having done his utmost to counteract it. We have little doubt that, as time goes by and the excitement of this trial passes away, and when Mr. DIXON sets himself calmly to review his past literary career, he will recognize that this high and holy purpose was a mere afterthought—an honest afterthought, no doubt, but still an afterthought. It is quite clear how *Spiritual Wives* came to be published. It was a mere piece of bookmaking. The public had read with avidity and interest the descriptions of strange sects in his work on America, and if it had noticed that the fanaticism of those sects often leads to something queer in the relations of the sexes, it concentrated its attention on the curious passion for manual labour and theocratic government which these sects displayed. Mr. DIXON was encouraged to pursue the subject in one direction only, and to give a history of the erotic follies of the fanatics. If he had not shown that the subject entertained him, how could he hope to entertain his readers? and if nothing ingenious could be said in their defence, why should people endure to read about them at all? And he seemed to see a streak of desired light in a possible interpretation of a text in St. PAUL's writings, and in the construction of one of those theories of race which, as no one can understand, no one can confute. The zeal of bookmaking hurried him into an indiscretion, and he forgot that there are dishes which must not be set before the public even by those who cater most assiduously for its amusement. When he found out his mistake, the least thing he could have done would have been to have owned it, and issued no more editions of the work. The next best thing would have been to have let the book be forgotten as quickly as possible, and to have tried to efface its memory by the publication of better works. Instead of this, Mr. DIXON has thought proper at this distance of time to remind all the world that he wrote *Spiritual Wives*, and to bring home to an ignorant public what is involved in the authorship. In his own interest he could not have done anything more foolish.

#### THE REPUBLIC FROM BELOW.

THE State pilots who in England are engaged in steering towards the Falls of Niagara have a great advantage in their opportunity of observing the condition of vessels which have preceded them down the rapids. The grievances which trouble English reformers—inequality, privilege, primogeniture, and limitation of suffrage—have been effectually abated in some Continental countries; yet the political millennium seems not yet to have been attained through the undisputed triumph of democracy. In France M. GAMBETTA demands not a suppression of caste, but an inversion of orders, in which the lowest stratum shall take its turn to be uppermost; and his Republican partisans declaim with consistent vehemence against a system of government by Parliamentary majorities. Spain affords a still more remarkable illustration of the felicitous results of modern revolutionary doctrines. In that happy country there is, with the exception of a new and unstable throne, scarcely an institution which could offend the susceptible feelings of Sir C. DILKE or Mr. P. A. TAYLOR, and yet it unfortunately appears that violence and disaffection prevail to an extent which might excite the envy of the Clerkenwell and Hyde Park rioters. The Spanish Republicans have lately split up into two factions, of which the more extravagant denounces the conscientious and respectable wavers as apostates and traitors. The great orator CASTELAR, and the other leaders of the Republican party in the Cortes, while they refuse with the perversity of Continental democrats to acquiesce in the decision of the majority, have publicly avowed their determination not to join in any rebellion as long as their liberties are respected. The Government allows them to defend and propagate their opinions with perfect freedom; and one of the Ministers lately boasted with excessive candour that any member was at liberty to advocate a revolution in his place in the Cortes. On this theory, the next Cortes which will be elected may, if so instructed by the constituencies, overthrow the Monarchy, and vote the establishment of a Republic in its place; and it would seem that on the whole CASTELAR and his friends are justified in the conclusion that it is scarcely necessary to lay a train for blowing open an unclosed door. The most moderate Republicans intimate their intention of resorting to the sacred right of insurrection if any measures are adopted for the consolidation of the Monarchy.

The extreme section of the party has already, in accordance with national custom, begun to threaten with assassination the sluggards who hesitate to appeal to arms. Their *República de Abajo*, or Republic from Below, is so called, not because it might fitly trace its origin to the infernal regions, but in the sense of GAMBETTA's transfer of power to the lowest stratum, or *couche sociale*. There is nothing new in the scheme of a privileged and exclusive democracy, but the modern Spanish *sans-culottes* may claim for one of their principles the credit of originality or singular oddity. The question having arisen whether the Republic from below is to be instituted by peaceful means, its promoters indignantly refuse to accept it "as a shameless legacy from the Monarchical Powers." The rights of those Powers are, it seems, "not worth a fig, compared, we will not say with the sovereignty of the people, but with the individual rights of the meanest citizen." If the KING and his Ministers were suddenly to appear in the Cortes, to renounce their pretensions, and to recognize the Republican Government, the boon ought not to be accepted. It is necessary to conquer the Republic by force. "Hence we are for armed revolution; for if the Republic is proclaimed from the barricades, the Republic will be due to itself, will have sprung from itself, that is to say, from the people who conquered it." Things have not yet gone so far in England; and probably if the QUEEN and Mr. GLADSTONE were formally to surrender the Crown some Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park, ODGER and BRADLAUGH, and even their Fenian colleagues, would graciously accept the abdication, and spare the lives of their former rulers. When the people, or rather the members of the extreme Republican party, have overthrown their enemies, they are to proceed to govern the country through revolutionary Juntas elected out of their own body. The Juntas are immediately to discharge all the generals and officers of the army, each Junta acting for itself, without consulting any other authority. Every citizen who desires to assist in enforcing the decrees of the Juntas is to be armed; and finally, when the whole work of revolutionary legislation has been completed, some kind of Parliament is to be convened. Amongst other measures the Juntas are to impose one single and proportional tax upon capital, and to cause

a "unification" of the National Debt with a view to its immediate extinction. It would seem more simple to extinguish or repudiate the debt without any preliminary process of unification; and capital will soon cease to furnish a subject of taxation. Registers are to be formed for the mysterious purpose of distinguishing between legitimate and illegitimate ownership; and it may be conjectured that when a patriot wants any man's property the previous title will prove to be illegitimate. "Abolition of mortmain and compulsory expropriation up to the point determined by the rights and 'necessities of the common people' are to commence, in accordance with Mr. GOSCHEN's milder proposal, with the property of the nation, the Crown, and the Church. As a part of the ordinary revolutionary programme the punishment of death is to be abolished by the philanthropists who decline to attain supremacy without bloodshed. For the satisfaction of the natural feeling of revenge and justice, a wholesome outlet is provided for the moral indignation which will be deprived of the vent of public executions. There are supposed to be many spies among the people, and every spy is to be summarily murdered by the first Republican who may discover or suspect his vocation. Strict adherence to the laws of evidence is wholly unnecessary. "A gesture, a word, a look, should be "enough to denounce a traitor," and a stab will effectually defeat his insidious purpose.

It may perhaps appear a waste of time to recapitulate the ravings of criminal lunatics who in their own project unconsciously suggest an insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of their objects. Their schemes of murder and of rapine would be prosecuted by willing agents; but the army would neither disband itself on their summons, nor hesitate to suppress an insurrection of which it was to be one of the first victims. The tenacious attachment of the better class of Spaniards to the very name of Monarchy is explained by the interpretation which the revolutionary faction attaches to the name of a Republic. The lesson which is taught by the advocates of the Republic from below is that universal suffrage and other democratic nostrums have no tendency to mitigate the violence of demagogues and mobs. The Spanish Constitution, not yet three years old, is the latest of a long series of similar essays; and, like preceding versions of the popular theory, it includes all the commonplaces of extreme theoretical Liberalism. When it was first adopted, an English demagogue who was afterwards rewarded for his services to Mr. GLADSTONE's Government was in the habit of contrasting the obsolete traditions of England with the symmetrical freedom and equality of Spain; nor was he, or any of the democrats who applauded his speeches, disturbed even by the clause in the Constitution which authorised a Cortes elected by popular suffrage to select a candidate for the Crown. After long deliberation a prince of illustrious family and of unusual personal distinction was duly chosen, and a day or two before the arrival of King AMADEO in Spain his Minister and chief supporter was basely murdered by Jacobin assassins. Since that time the KING himself has been subjected to two attempts at assassination, and journalists who have no parallel except in the felonious press of Ireland are daily demanding the death of the foreigner. The PRIME MINISTER, a politician of ability and experience, commands a large majority in the Cortes; but he can calculate on no permanence of tenure in his office; and his opponents are, with few exceptions, hostile not to his person or party, but to the Government and the dynasty. The prolonged illness of the KING has been watched by his enemies with unconcealed satisfaction, and, if he should die or abdicate the throne, all the Pretenders and all the factions will fall together by the ears. At some future time it will perhaps be admitted as a truism that orderly government must rest either on force or on willing obedience, and that the universal suffrage with which Mr. GLADSTONE threatens his own country has not succeeded in promoting freedom or political harmony at least in Spain. Liberal amateurs who play into the hands of revolutionists would have a better excuse for their blindness if the tendency of their feeble concessions were not exemplified in contemporaneous practice. In Spain there is no difference of county or borough franchise, there is vote by ballot, and the aristocracy is powerless; and the most conspicuous result is the agitation for the *República de Abajo*.

## CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA.

THE attitude which the State ought to assume towards Roman Catholicism is the most interesting and difficult of modern political problems. There is scarcely any country of any importance in which it is not a problem pressing for solution, and the attempts to solve it are very various. In Roman Catholic countries the solutions naturally differ from those prevailing in countries in which Roman Catholicism does not predominate. A State may identify itself with the Church, place its power at the disposal of the ecclesiastical authorities, and mould its laws so as to please them. Such was the state of things from which Austria is only slowly and gradually emerging. Or the State may favour the Roman Catholic religion, help it in many indirect ways, and place education to a large extent in its hands, and yet theoretically treat this religion as one of several which it recognizes, and allow something like fair play to others. France offers the leading example of this mode of arranging matters. Or the State may, like Italy, profess to exhibit the spectacle of a Free Church in a Free State; but this is at most for Italians a dream of the future, as in actual practice they are absorbed for the time being in considering of how many of its privileges and possessions they can conveniently strip the Church which some day is to be made free. In non-Catholic countries the State does not interfere with Roman Catholicism at all, as in the United States; or it may interfere with it slightly, as in England; or it may interfere with it in a sharp and vigorous manner, as is being done more boldly and strenuously every day in Prussia. We in England should be glad if we could escape all trouble in so distasteful a matter, and consistently act on the principle that the State will stand aloof from religious differences altogether. But we find it impossible to do so. At this moment there are several questions waiting decision which oblige us to consider the relations of our Government to Roman Catholicism. The Galway election has once more raised the issue whether a person elected as a member of the House of Commons ought to be prevented from sitting because his success has been in an appreciable degree due to the threats of spiritual punishments—that is, punishments to be endured in another world—directed against his opponents by Romanist priests. The case of Mr. O'KEEFE has obliged us to reflect whether an English subject can be permitted to lose a place of temporal emolument because he has chosen, in defiance of his religious superiors, to claim his civil rights in an English law court. And the dangerous question of Irish Education will soon make Englishmen consider whether they are prepared to act upon the assumption that it is part of the duty of the State to protect the Irish laity against the Irish priests, and whether they will throw overboard the precedents of the English and Scotch Education Bills in order to prevent the Irish priests getting too exclusive a control over the primary education of the people. If they would look into the matter and honestly say what they mean, a very large number of Englishmen would have to say that what they think right is to talk and act like Americans in England where Roman Catholicism is almost powerless, and to talk and act like Prussians in Ireland where Roman Catholicism possesses a degree of power which is highly inconvenient.

It is therefore a matter of great interest even to persons who know or care very little about Prussian politics generally to notice the steps by which Prussia is endeavouring to set up a system of effective repression and coercion on the part of the State against Roman Catholicism. It must be remembered that all the hostility on the part of the Prussian Government to Romanism is quite new, and has entirely sprung up since the French War. In fact this new attitude of the State in Prussia has been assumed entirely within the course of the present year. Let us see what has been done. Prussia has induced the States comprising the German Empire to consent that every Jesuit shall be sent out of the Imperial territory, and that certain religious bodies in intimate alliance with the Jesuits shall be broken up. In its own territories it has taken four steps of a very marked and direct kind to repress its spiritual enemies, besides acting constantly against them in an indirect manner in the petty details of daily life. In the first place, it has placed all primary education under the inspection of Government Inspectors, and has thus deprived the priests of their exclusive control over the education of children of members of their own religious body. In the next place, it has knocked off the pay of a bishop who ventured to say that if canonical and civil law conflicted, he should abide by the rules of the former as the more binding

on him of the two. Thirdly, the Government has prohibited priests from inflicting or threatening any but spiritual evils by excommunication, and, to ensure this it has announced that the names of persons excommunicated must not be published. It is difficult to see what ground for this prohibition there can be, unless excommunications are assimilated to libels, and it is held that they are unauthorized attacks on the reputation, character, and comfort of Prussian subjects. Lastly, the Government has just announced that it does not accept the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and that in its eyes Old Catholics are as much Catholics as those who accept the dogma. The point arose in this way. There is at Braunsberg a Government gymnasium, and religious instruction in this institution was given by a duly appointed official, who happened to be an Old Catholic. The Bishop of ERMLAND excommunicated him; but although in Prussia religious instruction to Catholics must be given by a Catholic, the Government continued the excommunicated official in his post on the ground that it, the Government, understood what Catholicism meant better than the Bishop did, and thought the Old Catholic as good a Catholic as any one else. A motion was made in the Prussian Lower House censuring the Government for its conduct in the matter; but the motion was rejected by a majority of three to one, and so the proposition that a Protestant Government may, in dealing with Roman Catholics, legitimately act on its private opinion that the POPE is not really infallible has received in Prussia a Parliamentary sanction.

When a Government gets as far as this, it is not surprising that private men should go further. We are indebted to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for an account of a lecture delivered lately by a Professor at Leipsic, which was certainly of a kind to make reflecting Prussians ask what are the grounds on which the strong interference of a Protestant Government with Roman Catholicism is to be rested. The Professor called the attention of his hearers to the progress made by this form of religion in the United States. In the early days of American history, when the revolted colonists of England were but a collection of very Protestant Englishmen, there were scarcely any Roman Catholics in the community, and for many years the priests were few, the institutions feeble, and the resources at the command of Romanist ecclesiastics insignificant. But a fair field was given, many Irish came, some settlers from South Germany came. There are now a large number of priests; there are many religious or charitable buildings and institutions belonging to Roman Catholics, and in the State of New York the priests have been so freely used to engage the Irish vote for the benefit of successive politicians that they may now be said to have the control of property to the amount of twelve millions sterling, the greater part of which has come to them through grants from the State under different disguises. The conclusion to which all this pointed was, in the opinion of the Professor, that it was very foolish in a State to give Roman Catholicism a fair field. It got ahead so much, if not repressed, that it must be repressed by the State if the State is to preserve its own supremacy. The notion that the State should leave so dangerous a body as the Romish Church alone was scouted by the Professor as the foolish fancy of doctrinaires. Prussia, he might remember with pleasure, was not accustomed to see with indifference the growth of any body hostile to State influence, and the example of Prussia might be followed with advantage by her neighbours. This view of the matter deserves attentive consideration. If the governing body of a State is prepared to pronounce that the principles of the Roman Catholic religion are bad, exactly as it may be prepared to pronounce that the principles of Communists and Socialists are bad, then coercion and repression exercised by that State towards Roman Catholicism are theoretically justifiable; or at any rate they are as much justifiable in the one case as in the other, and Jesuits and Red Republicans may be equally restrained. The Prussian Government has very nearly got so far as to avowing that this is its real justification, although, perhaps fortunately for itself, it can for the present attack these principles not so much as being bad in themselves, as because they are unpatriotic, and weaken Germany in the face of France. But it is difficult for Englishmen to disguise from themselves that no pretext of the kind exists to hide the true character of the policy which upholds the State against the Church in Ireland. We do not in any way deny that this policy has its justification. To consider the principles on which it is based, and the degree to which it can be pushed without infringing on other principles of equal or superior value, would demand a long and serious inquiry. But it is childish to have a blind admiration

for American indifference to Roman Catholicism and a blind repugnance to Prussian interference, and to overlook that it is only in England that we draw near to the American example, while in Ireland we might very easily be led to tread in the steps of Prussia.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO THE MINERS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S unwonted silence was fully redeemed the other day by a letter as mischievous as many ordinary speeches. A body of miners have taken occasion to deduce from the Mines Regulation Act, for which they profess their gratitude to the Government, the unexpected inference that their interests are neglected by Parliament because in many places they have no votes. An ordinary Prime Minister would have returned a civil answer to their communication, and he might or might not have reminded his correspondents that on their own showing they had no special or practical ground of complaint. The expediency of once more patching or ripping up a maltreated Constitution might be considered at leisure in council with colleagues or political supporters. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is not an ordinary Minister, at once disregards all scruples of public duty and prudence by taking an unknown knot of workmen at once into personal and political confidence. His own opinion, he tells them, of the propriety of assimilating the franchise in counties and in boroughs, is perfectly well known; but he is not certain whether Parliament will soon be able to find time for the necessary reform. That Parliament will adopt his own dictation he implicitly assumes, while he paves the way for future imputations on obstructive opponents or lukewarm friends. A Prime Minister has no right to publish his belief in the expediency of a great constitutional change to which he has not obtained the assent of his Cabinet. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues have hitherto been as docile as so many private secretaries in following the vagaries of their chief; but it can scarcely be supposed that, in the absence of any definite project of legislation, they have authorised the PRIME MINISTER to announce in an official capacity the impending extension of the franchise to the miners and agricultural labourers. Mr. GLADSTONE's professed doubt whether Parliament will find time for the beneficent revolution may be translated into a certainty that no such measure will be seriously submitted to the present House of Commons. There have been many recent indications that the Government is preparing for a general election; and Mr. GLADSTONE's letter is written for the evident purpose of suggesting one more grievance and of swelling a factious cry. That hundreds of thousands of meritorious householders are excluded from the enjoyment of their rights through the slackness of Parliament will be a better topic for Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters at the hustings than partially intelligible metaphors about Irish U-pas-trees.

It would be a curious, if not a profitable, inquiry whether Mr. GLADSTONE has troubled himself to reflect on any of the consequences of the measure which he prospectively recommends, except its tendency to revive and increase his own popularity and power. With the co-operation of Mr. DISRAELI he has already transferred the whole representation of the boroughs into the absolute control of a majority of voters living by manual labour. The full effects of the Bill of 1867 have not yet been realized in practice, because at the last election the newly enfranchised voters were not organized or accustomed to use their irresistible power. In some boroughs they were ready and anxious with a kind of honest simplicity to sell their votes for half-a-crown a head; and they learned with surprise and disappointment that the stringency of the bribery laws prevented candidates from accepting their modest terms of adhesion. Demagogues have since that time been busy in propagating discontent; and when they succeed in raising some political issue which deeply interests the working classes, those who formed the majority of the old constituencies find themselves practically disfranchised. The Ballot has abolished the wholesome influence of wealth, of station, and of character, while it must be admitted that it also tends to diminish corruption and intimidation. The present House of Commons has conceded all Mr. GLADSTONE's demands; and even in the absence of the revolutionary proposals which are to be made for the purposes of the general election, he might confidently rely on a larger and more democratic majority in the next House of Commons; but the appetite for power and popular applause grows, like other morbid propensities, with indulgence. The counties still offer some resistance to Liberal supremacy; and it would appear that Mr. GLADSTONE and a

congenial section of his colleagues have determined to extend their influence, if possible, over the agricultural constituencies. The proposed transfer of local burdens from tenants to landlords, the modifications which are threatened in the tenure of land, the expropriation of corporate proprietors, and the other measures at which Mr. GOSCHEN lately hinted, are either primarily or incidentally devised for the purpose of dividing the tenants at the polling-booth from the landlords with whom they have habitually voted. The Ballot was in this respect adroitly adapted to the promotion of party interests. In recent times tenants voted with their landlords, not because they were afraid of ejection in case of contumacy, but because they thought it both advantageous and agreeable to oblige a neighbour of superior social rank with whom they were closely connected. The motive will produce a less definite result when the landlord no longer knows whether the obligation has been conferred. Mr. GLADSTONE now expresses his opinion that, as soon as Parliament can find leisure for the business, farmers and landlords alike should be deprived of all practical share in county representation. Everywhere the labourers, and even the householders of the class, outnumber the owners and occupiers of land. They will consequently, when Mr. GLADSTONE's pledge is redeemed, be absolutely supreme as soon as they choose to exercise their power; and the agitators who have lately introduced Trade-unions into the rural districts will dispose at their pleasure of the forces which Mr. GLADSTONE intends to call into being. If it should happen that household suffrage fails perfectly to accomplish the desired result, it will be easy, with the aid of the partially reformed constituencies, to open the doors to all who are still excluded. When Mr. GLADSTONE tells the miners that his opinions in favour of uniform suffrage and readjustment of electoral districts are well known, he might add that he long since outbid his present offer. Voters without houses are included in the category of "flesh and blood"; and in the debate on the Ballot Bill of 1871 Mr. GLADSTONE extemporized as an excuse for his conversion to the theory of secret voting a conviction which he may or may not have entertained five minutes before, that universal suffrage was a logical and inevitable consequence of the Reform Bill of 1867. It is barely possible that Mr. GLADSTONE may consider that uncontrolled power exercised by the numerical majority of the population is compatible with the security of property, and with the maintenance of the remaining portions of the English Constitution. If he has looked beyond the machinery to its results, and if he deliberately relies on the moderation and generosity of a despotic multitude, he differs widely from the agitators of the Electoral Reform Union, of the Land and Labour League, and of the Jacobin and Socialist Clubs in general. The DILKES, the ODGERS, and the BRADLAUGHS for the present ask only the boon which Mr. GLADSTONE has now promised to his friends the miners. It is highly probable that they understand their own political interests, while Mr. GLADSTONE is rarely able to emancipate himself from the dominion of words. Nevertheless it would be rash to assume that Mr. GLADSTONE may not at any time volunteer to a deputation of Fenians or Hyde Park rioters the assurance that he is ready to concur in the establishment of a Republic.

It is doubtful whether exclusive regard to personal and party objects has not for the moment tempted Mr. GLADSTONE into an indiscreet revelation. While his colleagues were, with his approval and sanction, bidding for the support of the tenants against the landlords, it might perhaps have been judicious not to warn the farmers that they are to be politically superseded by their labourers. The late agitation has destroyed any confidence which some of them may have felt in the attachment and loyalty of the persons in their employ. When they collate Mr. GOSCHEN's bribes with Mr. GLADSTONE's threats, the tenants may not improbably conclude that it is on the whole safer to throw in their lot with the landlords. The transfer of rates which is to be gratuitously effected in consideration of the votes of the farmers will, as they well know, only be operative for the purpose of defrauding small and needy proprietors. Laws securing compensation for unexhausted improvements have generally been anticipated by local custom, where it is the practice for the tenant to improve; but it is true that in other districts compensation may perhaps be obtained for the improvement of farms which have never known the expenditure of a shilling on artificial manures, or on any other matter or process which could by any possible means increase the fertility of the soil. The expropriation of corporate landowners, which has been announced by Mr. GOSCHEN and applauded by the *Times*, will interest the neigh-

bouring proprietors as affording an opportunity of enlarging their boundaries; but it can do no possible good to the tenants. According to the *Times*, even the glebes of country incumbents are to be seized and sold, though they might seem peculiarly exempt from the covetousness of modern reformers. A parochial glebe generally varies from one acre to twenty acres in extent; it is almost always occupied by the freeholder; and by enabling him to keep cows and to make a little hay, it contributes a valuable supplement to a scanty income; but it cannot be denied that glebes are held in mortmain, and theory must prevail, especially when it affects only the weak and helpless. As the object of the Ministers is to secure the votes of the farmers, they should have kept the secret of their intention to swamp them by the grant of the franchise to the labourers. Vehemence, impetuosity, and sentimental craving for sympathy, though they are highly popular qualities, sometimes interfere with the success of astute devices.

#### HYDE PARK SUNDAYS.

"**Y**ESTERDAY afternoon Hyde Park was again given up "to a lawless and dangerous mob, and numerous "robberies were committed with open impunity"—this is what people may now read in the newspapers almost any Monday morning. Any one who happened to be in the upper part of Hyde Park last Sunday afternoon will admit that the description is strictly true. Mr. ODGER and GOODCHILD, the dismissed police delegate, had got up a meeting to protest against the conduct of the Police Commissioners. The meeting was attended by the usual mock-litany men and by a large body of roughs. Whilst the speeches were being delivered "the roughs and pickpockets, who were "in tremendous numbers"—we quote from the *Morning Post*—"turned on the respectable and well-to-do people who "were among the crowd, and commenced a system of wholesale plunder." "A scene of terrible scuffling ensued. Men and "roughs were fighting, and the women, helpless among such "a desperate gang, were shrieking for mercy and help." Then there was a desperate "rush towards the speakers" by an organized mob, whose tactics were to separate groups of respectable persons, so that they might be more easily plundered." The meeting was broken up in confusion, and the roughs and thieves were left in possession of the field and of their spoils. Mr. Bruce will be glad to find that the police displayed that "forbearance" towards the mob which appears to have been impressed on them by the Home Office as the most important part of their duty. We have not heard that any of the thieves or orators have since been summoned before a magistrate. As for the litany-men, it may perhaps be argued that they have as good a right to bawl their blasphemies as the demagogues to shriek sedition. Blasphemy and sedition go very well together. It must not be supposed, however, that because the pickpockets, demagogues, litany-men, and roughs were allowed to do just as they liked, the police were absolutely inactive. Their "forbearance," it seems, is not without limits. They will stand a good deal, but they must draw the line somewhere, and it is interesting to observe where they have drawn it. It appears to have occurred to a clergyman who was in the Park that, if the right of free speech was allowed, he could say something to the people which would perhaps be more edifying, though less exciting, than revolutionary exhortations and blasphemous chanting. He seems to have imagined—clergymen are not always logical—that he had as good a right to speak as Mr. ODGER and the litany-men; but the police quickly undeceived him. He had hardly begun his sermon when the police told him he must leave off, as "it "was not allowed"; so he meekly pocketed his Bible and went his way.

We can imagine the intelligent foreigner visiting Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon. He finds a number of ruffians dressed in cassocks and bands going through a horrible parody of a religious service. He hears orators denouncing the Government, insulting the QUEEN, and proclaiming the urgent duty of universal revolution. He is told that this is an illegal meeting held in defiance of the rules of the Park; but he observes that the police look on calmly as if it were the most natural and proper thing in the world. He sees respectable people, women and children perhaps, hustled and insulted with filthy language. There is a rush, and a sudden screaming, and a band of roughs sweep through the crowd, pushing and bonneting, and snatching at watches, breast-pins, and brooches. One poor fellow is down, and is badly beaten and his pockets are rifled. But still the police are passive and complacent. All at once, however, these

apparently inert and imperturbable beings exhibit a sudden flash of animation. Some outrage more atrocious and intolerable than anything that has gone before appears to have touched them to the quick. Off they go at the double, waving their truncheons. When our friend the foreigner comes up to them, he finds a man dressed as a clergyman in their midst. He is anxious to know what language more odious and disgusting, what doctrines more detestable, than he has already heard this criminal has been guilty of uttering. When he is told that the crime which was too much for the philosophic equanimity of the police was the preaching of the Gospel, the foreign gentleman feels convinced that he must have misunderstood the answer to his question, and that he has as yet a very imperfect knowledge of the strange language of this wonderful people. It is possible that the policemen who put a stop to the clergyman's sermon were of a mutinous disposition, and desired to cast ridicule on their superiors and to show what a monstrous farce the whole pretence of regulating the Parks was. As a touch of satire nothing could be more ingenious or effective. Of course it is quite right that preaching should be forbidden in the Parks, for the simple and obvious reason that the Parks are not a proper place for such exercises; but the same argument applies with at least equal force to political addresses. Even Mr. GLADSTONE's subtlety will perhaps find it difficult to explain why the preachers should be silenced while Mr. ONGER and the litany-men are allowed to bawl themselves hoarse without interruption.

It is important that the present state of the question about the Park rules should be distinctly understood. It is a question which includes a great deal more than the conditions under which addresses shall be delivered. It is obvious that the rule as to addresses stands only on the same footing as the other rules made by the Board of Works, and that, if it may be broken with impunity, the rest may be similarly defied. Thus the Fenians may consider themselves at liberty not only to hold their meetings in the Park, but to practise drill, and to rehearse Clerkenwell explosions or Manchester outrages. We are curious to know how far the police are prepared to act on the theory that they have no authority to prevent or interrupt a violation of the law in the Park, and that they can only summon the offender afterwards. Suppose one of the bathers in the Serpentine should leave his clothes on the bank and take a stroll through the Park for the sake of an air-bath, would it be the duty of the police simply to see him home and take his name and address, or would the freedom of nude exercise stop at the Park gates? One or two of the demagogues have been summoned, but it would appear that the mock-litany men, and the roughs who break down the trees and assault and outrage respectable people, are neither molested at the time nor prosecuted afterwards. We suspect that if the costermongers, litany men, and other ruffians were to visit the Parks on any other day than Sunday, and when there was no political demonstration going on, they would scarcely be allowed to enjoy the same impunity. Would the police on an ordinary weekday afternoon permit the trees at Rotten Row to be destroyed, or blasphemous litanies to be recited, or costermongers to hold a fair? It would appear that outrages which would not be tolerated by themselves are tolerated when they come in the wake of political agitators. Mob law is then supreme—truly a parable for those who care to understand it.

There is a little book which is put into the hands of the police for their instruction and guidance, and some extracts from which might profitably be read aloud at the next meeting of the Cabinet. It begins by setting forth as the first and ruling principle of police duty that to the prevention of offences every effort of the police should be directed. "The security of person and property"—so the Manual proceeds—"the preservation of the public tranquillity, and all the other objects of a Police Establishment, will thus be better effected than by the detection and punishment of the offender after he has succeeded in committing the crime. This should constantly be kept in mind by every member of the Police Force as the guide for his own conduct." And it would also, we venture to think, be well if this were also kept in mind by members of the Government. That such scenes of scandalous and dangerous disorder as may every other Sunday or so be witnessed in Hyde Park should be not only tolerated, but almost sanctioned, by the Government, is certainly amazing and almost incredible. Even after making every allowance for the difficulties arising from Mr. GLADSTONE's unfortunate personal relations with the rioters in other days, the whole thing is to us simply inexplicable. We can make nothing of

it but madness. Sooner or later the mob will have to be put down. If the Government will not use its authority for the protection of respectable and peaceful people, respectable people will have to cease being peaceful, and to defend themselves; and the letter of a "Liberal M.P." to the *Times* shows plainly enough the drift of feeling in this direction. If the Ministry think that a battle royal in the Park will help them to a good cry at the elections, they cannot do better than go on as they are doing. It is quite certain that mischief is brewing, and for that mischief the Government will be directly responsible.

#### THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD ACT.

MR. BRIGHT, when he was at the Board of Trade, one day rather startled a deputation by informing them that adulteration was only a form of competition. The epigram was audacious enough in itself, and the official approval which it seemed to convey invested it with a peculiarly dangerous significance. The sort of people who make large fortunes by cheating and poisoning their fellow-creatures must have been extremely sorry when their champion quitted office. It would appear, however, that Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE does not share his late colleague's benevolent admiration for this form of industrial enterprise. An Act was passed last Session at the instance of the Board of Trade which seems to be intended to make adulteration a very risky and unprofitable business. Mr. BRIGHT must deeply deplore this waste, or rather misdirection, of Ministerial energy. There can be no doubt that the Act is a blow struck at what, in one sense, may be considered freedom of trade. It is a very sharp, peremptory, and stringent law; and it is desirable that the public should understand the powers which it confers for punishing adulteration, in order that those powers may be put in the way of being actively exercised. Dr. LETHBEE, Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, has prepared a Report on the subject which shows very clearly the difference between the Act of 1860 and the much more severe and practical Act of 1872. The old Act was a very mild affair, and did little more than shake its head, as it were, at adulteration, and cry, "Naughty, naughty!" Its bark was worse than its bite; but the new Act, we are glad to say, both barks and bites; and it is to be hoped that the adulterators may be made to feel the sharpness of its teeth. The Act of 1860 threatened penalties for the sale of adulterated goods, but said nothing about the actual business of adulteration. Moreover, it was a purely permissive law, and was confined to articles of food and drink; and there was further some doubt as to the legal definition of adulteration. The Act of last Session deals with the adulteration of drugs as well as with the adulteration of articles of food and drink; it provides for the punishment not only of the people who sell adulterated wares, but of the people who adulterate them; and it defines adulteration as a criminal offence. It is also to a certain extent a compulsory law, and provides for the systematic detection of adulteration by competent analysis.

Adulteration is described in the new Act as the fraudulent admixture of any substance with any article of food or drink or drug for the purpose of increasing its weight or bulk. It is not necessary to show that the adulteration is hurtful to health; the only question is, whether the article sold is really what it professes to be. It may or may not be much better for people to drink milk qualified by water, or coffee in combination with chicory, but the person who mixes the milk and water or the coffee and chicory, and the person who sells the mixture for pure milk or coffee, as the case may be, bring themselves within the penalties of the Act. The penalty for the sale of such goods has been raised from 5*l.* to 20*l.* as a maximum. For the manufacture of adulterated goods—that is, for admixing or causing others to admix the adulterating ingredients—the penalty for the first offence may run up to 50*l.*, while for a second offence the adulterator will be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, and will be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months. Of course it would not be worth while to carry on adulteration except as a regular system, and six months' imprisonment, with the disgrace attaching to it, is enough to make those who engage in enterprises of this kind seriously reflect whether their profits are, after all, worth the price they may, and probably will, have to pay for them. The greatest defect of the old Act was, perhaps, that it made it nobody's business in particular to see that it was enforced. The local authorities could take up the Act if they chose, but if they did not choose there was nothing to prevent their leaving it alone. Experience has shown that Acts of this kind will

never be efficiently carried out unless the duty of enforcing them is specifically imposed on some public body. As a general rule, it is undoubtedly better that private persons should take care of themselves than that the duty of looking after their interests and protecting them should be thrown on the community. But there are cases in which individuals can hardly be expected to undertake a troublesome and expensive prosecution. A man buys an adulterated article at a shop, and when he finds out the quality of the article he is of course aggrieved; but he will probably reflect that, instead of prosecuting the dealer or manufacturer, his best course is simply to take care to avoid both in future. A person who has been defrauded in this way is already on his guard against a repetition of the dishonest trick, and those who would most benefit by an exposure are the people who have not yet been taken in. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to expect that some public body should be appointed to enforce an Act of this kind. It is clearly a case for co-operation. The execution of the Act by local sanitary authorities is no longer purely permissive. It is compulsory whenever the authorities are required to enforce the law by the Local Government Board. How far the Local Government Board will think fit to call upon the local authorities to discharge this duty remains to be seen. It is probable that this compulsory power will at least help to give the Act a good start. When it has been taken up in some of the larger towns and vigorously worked, other places will perhaps begin to see the advantage of it, and will be disposed to carry it out of their own accord. The first step in giving effect to the Act will be for the local authorities to appoint competent analysts of all articles of food, drink, and drugs, such appointments being subject to the approval of the Local Government Board. It will be the duty of the Inspector of Nuisances, the Inspector of Weights and Measures, or the Inspector of Markets, or of all of them, to procure samples of articles suspected of being adulterated, and to submit these samples for examination to the analyst of the district. On receiving a certificate that the articles are adulterated, the Inspector will summon the seller or adulterator before the magistrates. It is provided, however, as a security against mistakes or malicious proceedings, that the Inspector shall at once, and before removing the suspected article from the place of sale, give notice to the accused of his intention to have it analysed, in order that the accused may have an opportunity of testing the identity of the article submitted for analysis with that sold or manufactured by himself; and the Inspector must also take care to retain enough of the sample for a subsequent analysis by an independent person should it be thought desirable. The analysts are to report quarterly to the local authorities the number of articles analysed by them, and to specify the nature and kind of adulteration detected in such articles; and it is further provided, as a security against hushing up, that all such reports shall be read at the meetings of the local authorities. Persons who have had adulterated wares palmed off on them will of course, if they choose, be at liberty to proceed against the dealer or manufacturer on their own account; but when the local authority has taken up the Act, it will be the Inspector's duty to send samples of the incriminated goods to the analyst, and, if the samples are condemned, to prosecute the offenders.

It will be seen that the new Act is a great improvement on the old one. It takes up the subject in a serious way, and provides considerable facilities for the exposure and punishment of adulteration. It is not unreasonable to suppose that it will have the effect of rather frightening those who adopt this objectionable form of competition. It will make dealers wary of accepting goods for the quality of which they cannot vouch, and it will make the wholesale people shy of rendering themselves liable to a *50*l.* fine or six months' imprisonment*. That the Act will absolutely put a stop to adulteration is of course out of the question. No stringency of language or severity of penalties would do that. Dr. LETHEBY points out several instances in which it will be difficult to decide how far there is adulteration within the meaning of the law. The Act authorises adulteration if it is openly declared. It often happens that cocoa is mixed with sugar or farinaceous matters in order to reduce its fatty properties, or that the pungency of mustard is toned down with flour to suit a moderate palate. Would a declaration that the cocoa or mustard was "pre-*pared*" be enough, or would it be necessary to specify the added ingredients, and their proportion to the pure article? It is conceivable that the question of adulteration might turn very much on the nature of the ingredients, and on the proportion in which they were present in the substance analysed. A little sugar and flour may be an im-

provement to cocoa, but a preparation of sugar and flour with just a flavour of cocoa to swear by would be simply a swindle. These are nice questions; but for the present we shall perhaps have reason to be satisfied if the adulterators of what are sold as really pure articles are brought to punishment. Another question is whether the adulteration clauses of the Licensing Act have not the effect of taking articles of drink out of the range of the local analyst. By the Licensing Act it is provided that proceedings in regard to adulterated liquors are to be taken by the police and the analysts appointed by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. In a similar way the Excise has authority to examine the quality of tea, coffee, and chicory. These are points which may possibly have to be cleared up either by a circular from the Local Government Board or the Board of Trade, or by an amending Act.

#### MIDDLE AGE.

As we grow old we generally pass by, with considerable indifference, the various milestones which mark successive stages of our earthly pilgrimage. Yet there are one or two points which from accidental association or from more intrinsic reasons impress us more forcibly. A fortieth birthday, for example, is suggestive of a good many reflections; and some of them are not altogether disagreeable. The hero of Thackery's song recommends the curly page to wait till he comes to forty years; by that time he will have learnt the many lessons summed up in the formula that "a boy is an ass." Of course a moralist could pick a good many holes in the logic and in the propriety of this statement. It is cold comfort, he would say, to reflect that you have outlived the passions and the illusions of your childhood. And yet there is some real comfort in it. A boy is, in fact, an ass—a doctrine which seems to be accepted in a different sense at Winchester—and, on the whole, illusions, however pleasant, are bad things. It is good to be wise and to know the truth, though at the cost of a few uncomfortable twinges; and by the age of forty a man will probably have come as near to wisdom and to an accurate view of things in general as he is ever likely to do. By forty, as we know, he will be either a fool or a physician, perhaps both; and, as another maxim teaches us, if he is not a learned man by forty, he never will be. He has fairly shaken down into the groove in which he is to run henceforward. He may distinguish himself more highly in future, but he will never have greater ability. His mind may become riper and mellower, but not more vigorous. He has lost his flexibility, and has acquired the set of opinions, of affections, and principles of action which are to last him for his life. Hitherto, it may be, he has been like one of those crabs whose whole occupation in life appears to be running about and trying on new shells. By forty he has selected his shell finally, and has so fitted himself into every cranny and convolution of its interior that a new change is henceforward impossible. There are some exceptional persons whose brains appear to the end of their lives to be in a semi-fluid condition. Like Pope's women, they are "matter too soft a lasting mark to bear," and are capable of being converted and reconverted up to the end of their days. But most men who are good for anything have settled into fixed habits beyond the power of any manipulation, however dexterous. And therefore forty is about the age at which a man should look round him and say what he thinks of himself and of this planet. Is it, on the whole, a decent sort of place, and has he been reasonably lucky in the part assigned to him? Perhaps it is as well in some respects that people seldom put these questions to themselves deliberately and consciously, for the answers might not be satisfactory. It was an ingenious argument of Burke's that almost every man would be willing to live his life over again, because almost every man is willing to go on living through years from which he cannot expect to derive as much enjoyment as from the past. The truth is that there is a very wide margin between the opinion that life is, on the whole, a bore, and that passionate conviction that it is a bore which would make death seem desirable. The instinct of self-preservation remains even when we are calmly of opinion that the game is not worth the candle. But, besides this, few people ever think of putting the general question in plain terms. Hardly any man ever sits down to draw up a balance-sheet of the good and bad things in this world and calmly compare the results. By an unlucky coincidence the same process which qualifies us for forming an opinion generally deprives us of any desire to form it. For this reason most novelists of an inferior order have pretty well written themselves out by the time they come to forty. When they first plunged into the world it struck them as something new and interesting, and their descriptions were marked by a corresponding vivacity. Their initial impulse carried them in a different direction from the ordinary crowd, and every collision with their neighbours brought out some fresh aspect of things. But in a few years the collisions overpowered them, and forced them to run in the same stream as everybody else, and then society at large appeared to become hopelessly commonplace. In order to say which way things are moving, a man must be outside the system instead of forming part of it; he is necessarily insensible of the motion of which he partakes, and therefore few people can form any opinion upon the subjects of which they have the largest experience, precisely

because they cannot get beyond them even in imagination. If we lived invariably in a green world, we should not know that it was green, for we could not conceive any other colour. To correct this prevalent illusion, to be able to rise to a sphere from which the world can be regarded as a whole and from the outside, is the special prerogative of the most contemplative minds. The extent to which a man can do so is the best measure of his intellectual power. Anybody can form some opinion of a monster; but to form an opinion of the commonplace objects which we see every moment of our lives is the real difficulty. We want the Archimedean point from which to try experiments on the world. The impressions which a young man receives of things in general are grossly erroneous and partial, but they are vivid; those which are impressed upon the middle-aged man are more accurate, but they are so faint that he is scarcely conscious that they exist. And yet, though few people have summed up their experience in any definite formula, the experience is latent in their nature, and influences their disposition. By a sufficient effort of mind the lessons which have been tacitly absorbed can be made to merge into consciousness; and it is worth while occasionally to make the effort.

If one asks a man what is his opinion of the world in which he lives, nothing is rarer than to receive an answer which in any degree expresses the result of a true reasoning process. The reply generally means one of two things. It may be a hasty generalization from two or three conspicuous facts. The other day a lad of fourteen did a really heroic action. He succeeded by an admirable display of coolness and seamanship in saving himself when exposed in an open boat to a heavy gale. The boy deserved all praise; but it was scarcely safe to assume, as his critics generally did, that our naval supremacy was at once placed beyond all doubt. The action really proved that there was one hero, aged fourteen, in England, or, in other words, that heroism was not absolutely extinct amongst us; but of course it threw no light at all upon the extent to which it prevails, as there were no means of knowing how far the lad's excellent qualities were exceptional. In the same way the occurrence of a single murder or a single failure of justice is generally considered to prove that England is on the road to ruin. A sensitive observer who has been shocked at the discovery of a pauperized district in London declares forthwith that society is rotting to its base. Yet everybody knows that there has been poverty and that there have been murders and failures of justice ever since men have existed. The one question is, whether crime and pauperism are increasing or diminishing, and upon that question no single experience throws any light worth notice. A vast induction of extreme difficulty is required, and most people are satisfied with one hasty glance. Nothing would be easier than to accumulate a chain of testimonies to the fact that each generation in a long series has been worse than its predecessors, and yet that the last are very much better than the first. But, as a rule, people do not even trouble themselves to test their impressions by experience at all. In that case the assertion that the world is going to the dogs means simply that the observer's liver is out of order, and the assertion that we are rapidly improving is a proof that one man has a good digestion, and is a proof of nothing more. The man of forty has seldom anything more to say that is worth hearing than the boy of fifteen. He has made a guess, good or bad, and the guess has become so ingrained into his system of thought that he can no longer get rid of it even in imagination. The quadragenarian has gained knowledge of the world in a certain sense; but it is very rarely knowledge which can be called scientific, or even contains useful testimony for scientific purposes. It consists of a series of empirical maxims, founded partly on observation and much more upon the idiosyncrasies of the individual observer. Such as it is, however, it has its value, if not for the philosopher, at least for the possessor himself. His estimate of the value and capabilities of the planet may be worthless, but he has worked out a tolerably fair set of practical rules by which to steer his own course.

What, then, it may be asked, is the most desirable attitude of mind for a man who has finally reached the great tableland of life; and for whom the "splendid vision" of youth has "faded into the light of common day"? This is a wide question, and one to which a complete answer could not be given without making assertions as rash as those of which we have been speaking. If, however, any general propositions as to the world at large must be rejected, there are some personal lessons which a man should have learnt which often take the form of general propositions. The subjective element in the sweeping generalizations of the optimist or pessimist may be useful, though their objective truth is more than doubtful. Perhaps the most comfortable frame of mind—we need not ask whether it is the most virtuous, or implies the most accurate valuation of things—is a good, steady optimism with a dash of cynicism to give it a flavour. By forty it is time for most people to give up kicking against the pricks. Heroes, saints, and men of genius may strike out their own paths; but for the ordinary human being it is as well that by the time his frame has become rigid he should cease from vain struggles against the inevitable. He has built up the walls of the prison-house in which he is condemned to dwell for the term of his natural life. And therefore it will be convenient to acquire two settled convictions; the first, that the world is on the whole a tolerable place, with a general, though scarcely perceptible, tendency to improvement; and the second, that he personally can do very little to make it better or worse. It

is highly desirable that a young man should be under the impression that the salvation of mankind may depend upon his personal efforts. Such a theory impresses upon him a sense of responsibility, and tends to the formation of a strong sense of duty. If it leads to frequent disappointments, young men have elasticity enough to bear them. But as we grow older, disappointments are more serious matters, and we begin to feel the full force of the blessing sometimes pronounced upon those who expect little. The habits are formed, and we therefore do not require the stimulus of an extravagant belief in our own powers. We grind in the mill contentedly, and do not insist upon believing that we are turning the axle of the universe. Knowing by experience how much co-operation is required to get the smallest bit of good work really effected, and how much the conspicuous leaders of society owe to the anonymous assistants who work for pay instead of glory, we become reconciled to our own impotence. Sensible how much we are the slaves of the past, and how infinitesimal a part of the cosmical machinery we are driving, it is necessary for our comfort to be persuaded that the world does more or less get better. Pessimism becomes intolerable when we feel that we can do nothing to arrest the downward impetus of the vast mass of which we form an insignificant part. The smaller we feel ourselves to be, the more desirable it is to be convinced that things will improve without our assistance. It is equally important that our optimism should not be of too enthusiastic a variety; for that would expose us to too violent a conflict with facts. In the world as it is at present constituted it is not prudent nor decent to go through life in a state of exuberant exultation. There are too many evils about us, and too many ominous symptoms that worse things may come upon us. People who are contemporaries with English pauperism and American corruption and French Communism, who see that masses of men are drifting in one direction into utter irreligion and in another into abject superstition, who may hear Mr. Odger making speeches in the Parks and have Mr. Ayrton ruling over them in office, have no right to be in what is called a "cock-a-hoop" frame of mind. If we must keep sheer disgust and misanthropy at arm's length by believing that the tide is, on the whole, setting in the right direction below the surface, we must also avoid shocks to our faith by admitting at once, and freely, that many of the superficial currents are running in very questionable directions indeed. Keeping carefully to this intellectual balance, one may succeed in being content with doing the small share of work that falls to one's lot in as workmanlike a fashion as possible, and have a fair prospect of effecting a comfortable transit to the period when the decidedly downhill progress must begin.

#### THE COST OF WINTERING ON THE CONTINENT.

THERE can be no doubt that the cost of wintering abroad is increasing fast, and it is in vain that those who live by the visitors to foreign watering-places attempt to gainsay it. It is altogether beside the question for a number of tradespeople to publish a formal denial, which nobody questions, of the having bound themselves by solemn league and covenant to fleece their customers according to a common understanding. Whether the rise in any particular place be thirty per cent or only five-and-twenty is a mere matter of detail. The fact is quite indisputable that living is becoming dearer in each successive year; that the movement has an invariably upward tendency, and is steadily acquiring accelerated velocity; while we have come to look back with wistful regret to the chapter at which we grumbled a dozen of seasons ago. Things cannot be otherwise, and if frequenters of any favourite health resort begin to think they are exposed to unreasonable extortion, or they have no longer the means of meeting their advancing bills, the best thing we can advise them to do is to look about them and go elsewhere. If they desire to continue in the enjoyment of the luxuries to which they have habituated themselves, quietly and agreeably society included, they must be prepared to pay with the rest. It is not only at fashionable winter resorts that prices are going up. People with families or fixed incomes are retrenching, and in London, and in a somewhat smaller degree elsewhere all over the country. It is not the increase in the octroi duty alone that has caused so sharp a rise in the cost of living at Paris. The *Times*' Roman Correspondent tells us that beef in Rome fetches thirteen pence a pound, while bills in Berlin are almost as heavy as house rent. Nor is it only the hotelkeepers all over Europe who are reconsidering their charges in a sense unfriendly to travellers. We understand that those Swiss *pensionnates* which take their stand upon their cheapness, and among whom the competition is excessive, have been compelled to yield to the pressure of circumstances, and to rectify a scale that has always been wonderfully reasonable. But if prices are rising everywhere, they must naturally rise more rapidly at favourite winter resorts than even in the great capitals. The inhabitants of the places have but a short season to profit by; their visitors do not arrive till they are driven thither by the autumn gales, the November fogs, or the early winter frosts; and most of them take their leave again as soon as the sun becomes disagreeably oppressive for an hour or two in the spring afternoons. The converse of squirrels and dormice and hibernating animals generally, the natives of these places live through the long sunless winter on what savings they have stored through the short winter, and a rise of prices, instead of being distributed over the year, is to be found upon four or five months at most.

Moreover, any disturbance of population in defiance of local laws of supply must always pay the natural penalty. You do not complain when you are charged more for meat and wine in the inns on the Riffel or the Eggischhorn than in some establishment of similar pretensions at Berne or Geneva. People of expensive tastes, invalids who are prescribed delicacies that have to be imported as part of their medical *régime*, crowd themselves together in some sunny but sequestered nook beneath the mountains and on the sea-shore. It lies on the sea-shore, it is true, yet there is probably no pretence of a port, and, even were the winds less treacherous, nothing that draws a couple of feet of water can approach near to the slowly shelving beach. If the supplies are brought over the mountains, they must be hauled with the maximum of labour on the most primitive of wheel carriages. Either there is no railway carried along the sea, or, if there is one, it has been constructed at a disproportionate cost, with much embanking and tunnelling, with bridging of abysses and blasting of necks, and mainly with an eye to the short season of this particular watering-place. The Company charges accordingly, and very fairly; but by the time a case of sausages or a barrel of bitter ale has been consigned to the local Fortnum and Mason, the trade discount and something more may very well have been dropped in transit. Yet customers are very likely to grumble if they have to pay two francs and a-half for a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, and the bill for bitter beer is a heavy and standing grievance. The place was cheap enough, no doubt, when it was first discovered by an enterprising doctor or by some dyspeptic misanthrope who fled from his kind and his creditors. The few natives had very little, and were quite content with it. They lived chiefly on fruits, vegetables, and farinaceous food; on highdays and holidays the local aristocracy may have indulged themselves frugally on their own nation, and very lean and hard they must have found it. As for their dwellings, they were of construction as primitive as might be; the population basked in their sunshine the best part of the year, and when the weather broke, they were satisfied with any sort of shelter, while they practised patience and waited for brighter times. Now their visitors arrive in shoals during the very worst season, and aim at finding English architectural comfort while they dream of something like the old traditional rents. Houses must be built specially for them, and architects must be fetched from afar to plan them. Stone is plentiful, but timber is often scarce; there is nothing but olive woods in the immediate vicinity, and olive-wood would prove at least as expensive as the beams of cedar that Solomon used in his Temple. Fireplaces must be introduced, and, by the way, the fuel that is consumed in them forms a formidable incidental item in the visitors' outgoings; for the economical natives are accustomed to burn it by ounces under their simmering pipkins. The strangers insist on an attempt at fitting the window-sashes in the casements, and the doors in their framework; and although these well-meaning attempts end generally in pitiful failure, yet the unaccustomed nicety of the workmanship must be adequately remunerated. Finally, the proprietors feel that all these new-built houses are a hazardous speculation at best, and Southern proprietors are constitutionally cautious. They are apprehensive that the fashion may change; that rumours of imperfect drainage may coincide with the ravages of an epidemic; that the great doctor who made the place may die, and his mantle descend on some other hukim who resides elsewhere, and yields a pen of an accomplished and eloquent writer; that a European may cut the communications, or divert the thoughts of nervous invalids from their own individual ailments. Or they may entertain reasonable fear that their ascending charges may at last arrive at a point which may compel the bulk of their clients to withdraw themselves and their custom.

We do not know that they have much cause for alarm on this ground. Wealth is increasing and millionaires multiply. Americans are always gathering dollars between the gold-room in Wall Street, New York, and the golden sands of California; and Americans, being a practical nation, very sensibly prefer enjoyment in the present to heaping up riches to bequeath to their heirs. If they believe their sickness is to be arrested by change, they think overtaxed nature is craving repose, it is not unusual to consider that will stop them. Thanks to their publican convictions, they are more susceptible to the seductive influences of fashion than we who wither in the cold shade of monarchy. And with us as with the Americans it has become a confirmed fashion to go abroad in search of health. We do not feel that the fashion has not much to recommend it from a common-sense point of view, although we believe that consulting physicians are often far too free with their sentences of transportation, and that both patients and patients' friends are much too ready to consider the drawbacks of foreign sojourn. But we are inclined to believe that the fashion which has selected special spots as abounding in extraordinary virtues is far too arbitrary. There are undoubtedly advantages to be found in them. You may have larger houses, more cheerful society, more of your home luxuries, finer and more potent medicines, and more skilled and experienced medical advice. We do not undervalue these blessings; and when illness has become confirmed, and the case reached a critical stage, they may be all-important. In such instances you must deliberately count the cost, and when you have decided that it is your duty to pay it, all is said. But in many instances the patient only wants calm and cheerfulness, and the more genial Southern air, and all the distraction desirable to be found in the enjoyment of soft and beautiful scenery. In such cases, quiet people of simple tastes, who are indifferent to

gay society, and to whom money is an object, may very well pass Cannes or Nice, and settle themselves in one of the many pleasant and salubrious spots which have not yet been appropriated by foreigners. We do not desire to say anything against established reputations, for we know that faith works miracles in the way of healing. But we may be permitted to observe that there are towns and villages on the Cornice less exposed than Nice to trying alternations between the heat of the noonday sun and the cold of the sudden blasts that come rushing down from the mountains. Mentone again, a marvel of beauty, with its endless walks winding from its streets up through the olive groves, would be all the better were little of the Nice wind occasionally to ventilate its stagnant atmosphere. In course of time people found out that San Remo united many of the advantages of Mentone and Nice, while it was free from some of their most serious drawbacks. Now quarters at San Remo are going up with the rest, although of course they have altogether changed their character, and possibly you get value for your money. Yet invalids who choose to seek for them may hope to find other San Remos, although they will be lucky if they light on a spot more healthy. There are baths in the Pyrenees where there is as little wind as there is at Pau and less wet. It is true that Pau may be unrivalled in regard to the varied beauty of its environs; but people whose means are not unlimited must be content to let their plans be influenced by their circumstances. Some of us might well be glad to have dry champagne every day if we could afford it, yet we find our lives tolerably comfortable, and probably all the more healthy that we are compelled to content ourselves with Mr. Gladstone's claret. So with Montpellier in South-Western France, and Malaga in Southern Spain. You will easily find places where the atmospheric changes are less sudden and searching, and where hotels, quite as comfortable, although less pretentious, hold more closely by tariffs that are regulated in consideration of the more frugal habits of Frenchmen and Spaniards. The English-speaking medical man and the English chemist will infallibly follow you thither in time, and probably they will bring Anglo-Americanized prices along with them. But there are many persons, we believe, who might be satisfied in the meantime to dispense even with these invaluable products of civilization; to rough it on plain cookery and in primitive apartments; and who will find even their real privations compensated in a sanitary point of view when they feel that they are retrenching their bills and living easily within their means.

#### THEORIES OF CHURCH AND STATE.

IT has lately been observed by an able writer that there are but three possible attitudes which the State can maintain towards religious communities. It may treat one as the true Church, or at least as the truest and most beneficial among existing forms of organized belief, and support it exclusively, to the discouragement of all the rest. That discouragement may range by various gradations from mere non-recognition to actual persecution, and it is a question of degree rather than of kind what particular form it shall assume; in any case it inflicts some sort of disability on the unrecognized communities. This is the system of establishment, carried out in different ways in nearly all European countries, including England and Scotland. Or, secondly, the State may treat all Churches with impartial indifference, neither supporting nor thwarting them, but leaving them entirely free to manage their own affairs as they please. This is the system of religious equality, or, as it is sometimes called, of a free Church in a free State, which is the favourite ideal of modern Liberals, and the professed practice of the American Government, and, since the disestablishment of our own Government in Ireland. It is on paper the simplest method of any, and is very commonly spoken of as the inevitable policy of the future throughout Europe. And lastly, the State, without specially favouring any one communion, may show especial disfavour to some one or more, on the assumption that their principles are false or dangerous. It is argued that this is our actual policy towards the native religions of India, and that it has one important recommendation in the circumstance that it is much easier to decide that certain beliefs are false than to decide which, if any, is true. There is a convenience in this way of stating the question, though we are by no means sure that it is not open to the logical fallacy of a cross division. It is obvious, for instance, that the State might combine the first and third methods of procedure, having one Established Church, and suppressing or restricting the exercise of certain forms of worship as false or immoral—as we forbid widow-burning and other usages of the old Indian religions—while letting alone the rest; or again, more than one Church might be established in the same country, with or without toleration of other sects. And it might fairly be urged that the difference between "maintaining truth," in the sense originally attached to the words of the English Litany, and formerly acted upon in all Christian States, by the suppression of all erroneous (that is, all other) creeds, and merely supporting an Established Church, without interfering with the perfect freedom of the various unestablished sects, is greater than the difference between the English and American systems of the present day. But, without pursuing that criticism further, we will take the statement already laid down as the text for such observations as we propose to offer here. The real interest of the inquiry lies in the fact that not only are all the three systems, or modifications of system, described above in actual

operation at this moment in different countries, but that there is hardly a country in Europe where the relations of Church and State have not just now, from various causes, come to be hotly debated, and where some change does not seem imminent at no distant time.

The system of establishment may be called the system in possession; for it has, if we confine ourselves to Christian precedents only, a prescription of some fifteen centuries, and has not yet been definitely abandoned by any Government of the Old World, though it means something very different in England, where the old form is most nearly preserved, from what it meant fifty, or still more, two hundred years ago. In France it has been abolished in name and form with the abolition of the ancient endowments, but to all intents and purposes "the Church of the majority" remains the Established as it remains the national Church. In Spain and Italy it is only within the last few years that open dissent from the established cult has been tolerated at all, and it is not generally tolerated now in Russia and Sweden. In Germany two Churches are established side by side, voluntary sects being tolerated, but only *licite religioses*—that is, sects distinctly recognized by the State. Even in India, where, it is said, the Government does not officially act on the assumption that Christianity is true, but only that certain incidents of the heathen cults are immoral, and therefore not to be allowed, the Anglican Church retains at present some of the privileges or encumbrances, accordingly as they are viewed, of establishment. Clearly, then, establishment in some form or other is the principle in possession, though change of circumstances has largely modified its application, and may, as is often predicted, lead to its eventual abandonment. And it must be equally clear to every one who calmly considers the matter, and who is not a member of the Liberation Society, that there is a good deal to be said for it, as indeed might naturally be inferred from the concurrent testimony of two advocates so widely diverse in their political and religious convictions as Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Thomas Hughes. We shall not enter here on the vexed question of the State conscience, about which volumes enough have been written to fill a library. But it is obvious, notwithstanding the ready and frequent taunt about turning the clergy into a moral police, that the State gains immensely in moral power when it is held to represent something more than merely material interests; and it remains to be seen whether that reverence for law which has been held to be characteristic of Englishmen, but which is sometimes said to be on the decline, would long survive the deliberate rejection of all moral sanction for the acts of the Legislature; and a moral sanction, taking average human nature as it is, implies a religious sanction. It would certainly not be recognized in a State which impartially ignored all forms of Christian or non-Christian belief; and it is more than probable that our Indian subjects would look up with less confidence and less respect to their rulers if they supposed them to be guided by no fixed principles of belief, although it be a belief other than their own. But at the same time we must confess that the moral force which accrues to the State from the presence of an Established Church is indefinitely weakened by religious divisions among its subjects. The foundations of our European polity and civilization were laid in an age when the Christian State was strong from its alliance with the Christian Church, because the Church commanded the all but unanimous allegiance of the nations. And although the introduction of dissent need not bring disestablishment in its train, it is obvious that a point may be reached, as it has long since been reached in Ireland, when the Established Church is too weak in popular affection to be either profitably or plausibly maintained. In other words, those who are most firmly convinced of the superior advantages of the established system may be compelled to face the question of adopting some alternative, not as better in itself, but as, under the circumstances, a necessary evil. And thus we are at once brought to consider that principle of religious equality which is regarded by so many Liberals as the one panacea for all ecclesiastical difficulties, but which cannot yet be said to be on its trial in any European country, while in America the experiment is too novel and exceptional to afford the basis for any very confident judgment. Here again, as it is of course impossible within our limits to do more than glance at some aspects of so vast a question, we shall confine ourselves to its practical side. Whether it is best for the Church on religious grounds, as many zealous churchmen of the most opposite schools eagerly contend, to be entirely independent of all State connexion, or whether again it is sacrilege for the State not to recognize and support divine truth, as others no less positively affirm, we will not here inquire. The advocates of both opinions must admit the importance of asking another question, which it may not perhaps be as easy to answer offhand, and that is, the correlative of the Duke's famous query, How is the King's Government to be carried on? Be the system of absolute religious equality good or bad, pious or profane, in the abstract, neither churchmen nor statesmen can afford to ignore the question, How will it work?

There is one difficulty about answering this question which has been already referred to, and which must be premised at starting. We have very little experience to guide us. There is scarcely an instance in ancient or modern history of the principle of pure indifferentism being definitely adopted, till we come to the United States, and even there, as will appear presently, it has not been unreservedly embraced. And this fact is in itself a *prima facie*

argument against it. It points to some serious objection, whether of a moral or an external nature, or both combined, to the consistent application of the principle. And one practical objection at once occurs, which may be stated in the words of the familiar argument against the equality of mankind. "Is not one Church as good as another?" is the plea of the Liberationist; to which we may reply, "Yes, and a good deal better." Let the most rigid equality of all communions before the law be established tomorrow, and it is idle to suppose that, unless under very exceptional circumstances, they would be found really equal, or anything like equal, in power—to put it at the outside—fifty years hence. It might be from one Church having more affinity with the national character, or from its fuller grasp of truth, or its more efficient organization, or from some other cause; but the difference there would be sure to be, and the difference would be likely to increase rather than diminish with lapse of time. Does any one indeed suppose that at this moment, when disestablishment is only two years old, the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is on an equality with either of its two great Protestant rivals? And are there not parts of the United States where the Roman Catholic vote is virtually decisive? The common rejoinder is as plausible as it is superficial. Such inequalities, it is said, as arise, not from political privileges or disabilities, but from the internal strength or weakness of the rival communions, are beyond the reach of the law, and the State has no concern with them. They neither control nor are controlled by it. But this is to imagine that the moral and political domains are as sharply divisible in practice as they are on paper. It would hold good if men were mere intelligent machines, but it does not hold of moral beings whose conduct in every sphere of life is necessarily influenced by their deepest convictions of truth. The free State might perhaps be willing to leave alone the Church; the free Church would certainly not be equally forbearing. Its control over social and civil life would only be measured by its power. It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that no Church could voluntarily accept such a position without abdicating its claim to have a message from heaven to deliver, and a divinely ordained code of duty to enforce; but we may safely assume that every Church which makes such a claim—that is, every Church worth taking into account—would inevitably be brought into constant contact, which usually means conflict, with the civil polity. The questions of marriage and education are obvious illustrations, but they are typical, not exhaustive. The more entirely the State restricts its direct authority to the discharge of police functions and retires from all exercise of moral sovereignty, the more surely will the Church or Churches which it affects to ignore step into the vacant place. And in proportion to their vigour and the strength of the religious sentiment among the people, they, and not the civil Government, would at last become the real rulers of the nation, or of such portion of it as was under their influence. And this state of things could only end either in a theocracy or a revolution. It is here that the third system just now referred to, of universal disestablishment tempered by exceptional disabilities, might be expected to come into play, from necessity rather than from choice. The communions which had the most distinctive line of their own, and whose objects were least in harmony with the policy of the State, if they were strong enough to be troublesome, would be subjected to some measure of persecution, more or less, just as we are obliged, while honestly professing to maintain religious equality, to subject the heathen population in India to what they probably regard as persecution, by ignoring or actually suppressing customs—such as caste distinctions and the murderous car of Juggernaut—which we hold to be mischievous and immoral, but which are intimately bound up with their religious beliefs. And this logically inconsistent policy, however wise and even necessary it may be under the circumstances, is confessedly a compromise to meet a transitional condition of society, adopted in the hope that ideas more in accordance with our own will ultimately come to prevail. Is not the system of religious equality itself, out of which it springs, also a compromise, and not a permanent settlement of the problem it professes to solve? We have said that even in America it is not carried out without reserve, for Mormonism proved too grave an outrage on the popular sentiment to be quietly tolerated. And a powerful Mahometan or Buddhist sect in a Christian country, especially if it developed a proselytizing spirit, would sorely tax the patience of the most studiously indifferentist Government. But we need not appeal to such extreme cases.\* What is passing at this moment in Ireland and in Germany may suffice to show the difficulty of maintaining an attitude of absolute neutrality towards religious bodies which have a mind of their own, and are strong enough to make it felt. We are not saying that the system of Church Establishment is not also surrounded with difficulties, both of theory and practice, which may in time to come prove fatal to it. But it betrays a strange shallowness of knowledge or of thought to fancy that the formula invented by Cavour, and which has not as yet had much success in his own country, supplies an adequate solution of the problem. Whether it can ever be completely solved while the divisions of the religious world continue to be what they are may well be doubted. Meanwhile, the ardent apostles of disestablishment, whether on political or ecclesiastical grounds, might at least do well to remember that religious freedom is one thing and religious equality another, and that they do not always go together.

## THE POLICE.

GOOD sometimes comes of evil, and the mutiny among the Metropolitan Police may perhaps be of service in bringing to light some of the weak points in the organization and management of the force. The Home Office, we believe, undertook in 1868 a private inquiry into the condition of the police, but the evidence which was then obtained was strictly confidential, and it would be unreasonable to expect the Home Secretary to publish it. Besides, it is now four years old, and has lost its freshness. It may be assumed that the events of last week will give rise to some remarks in Parliament, and the Government, for its own sake, could not do better than propose the appointment of a Commission or Committee to go into the whole subject. We will endeavour to indicate briefly one or two questions which seem to require consideration. But, before doing so, it may be worth while to glance at the changes which have taken place since the Metropolitan Police was first established. Before 1829 a regular police force was quite unknown. There was indeed the Bow Street patrol, but it was a mere handful of men, and its duties were limited. It was chiefly engaged in looking after the highwaymen and footpads who infested the roads leading into London. With this exception, the protection of life and property was left to such local constables as the parishes chose to appoint. Each parish was expected to take care of itself; and while some of them recruited the watch from the aged paupers in the workhouse, others did not think it necessary even to go through the form of appointing anybody. There is no reason to suppose that the parishes which dispensed with constables altogether were in any degree worse protected than those which provided officers of this kind and boxes for them to sleep in. The "Charley" of those days has passed into a byword for drunkenness, imbecility, and corruption. He was frequently the confederate of thieves, and rather a danger than a security to peaceful citizens. His profound somnolence was his most harmless fault. We have become so accustomed during the last forty and odd years to the services of a smart, active, intelligent, and well-ordered body of police that it is difficult to realize the state of London when gas was only beginning to be introduced, and public order was left to the equivocal protection of drunken Charleys. Yet the first steps in this beneficial change were met with vigorous and persistent opposition. The innovation was denounced as a gross violation of the liberty of the subject. It was unconstitutional, despotic, and, above all, un-English. It was thought to be monstrous that the Government should show itself more careful of the lives and property of the citizens than the citizens themselves. Political liberty was identified with the right of the inhabitants to have their throats cut and their houses plundered at their own discretion; and the old jealousy of a standing army was revived against an efficient police. Nor did the resentment immediately subside. When three policemen were stabbed in a Chartist riot at Coldbath Fields, one of them mortally, the verdict at the inquest on the murdered man was "Justifiable homicide."

The position which the police have gradually come to occupy in our social system appears to be a conclusive proof that the force has, on the whole, been managed in a judicious and successful manner. Nowadays people seem to think that they can hardly be too much looked after or protected. The police have already something like seventy or eighty statutes to work, and every year makes an addition to their multifarious duties. Whenever a troublesome bit of business has to be seen to, such as the inspection of lodging-houses or the supervision of "casuals," it is pretty sure to be turned over to them. In addition to the ordinary duties of his beat, the policeman has to act as an inspector of nuisances, of drainage, of lodging-houses, of taverns, of beer-shops, and music-halls. He has to help the Poor-law officials in dealing with vagrants; to keep an eye for the Mint on the circulation of bad money; to clear the pavement of obstructions, to regulate the traffic of crowded streets, and to see that cabs, omnibuses, and tramways are properly fitted up. He is the good angel of terrified old ladies at dangerous crossings; the natural friend of the belated stranger and the lost child; and even the animal creation comes in for a considerable share of his benevolent attention. He watches jealously over the treatment of horses, and is frequently bitten by ungrateful curs whom he is bent on rescuing from the perils and miseries of a wandering life. Last year 8,000 dogs were conducted by the police to the Home at Battersea, and 700 taken to their owners. The police in the same period found and restored 2,619 lost children and 469 missing adults. In short, wherever he turns the policeman finds people looking to him for friendly and intelligent assistance. It is important to bear in mind that while the number of different duties which the police have to discharge has thus been constantly increasing, the population they have to look after and the extent of ground they have to go over have also been expanding. The jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police extends over an area of some seven hundred square miles; and it is necessary to remember what a square mile in London means. It means a closely woven maze of miles upon miles of streets. It is calculated that to patrol a square mile in London often involves a far longer walk than from Charing Cross to Gravesend. Last year 226 new streets and two squares—a total length of thirty-eight miles and more—were added to the ground to be patrolled; and this was a very slack building year. During the last ten years 149,905 houses were built in the Metropolitan Police district. The additional length of the streets placed in charge of the police was 635 miles, or about forty miles

more than the distance from London to Inverness. The difficulty of dealing with this vast mass of population and houses would seem to be greatly enhanced by the excessive confidence of the public in the police. People trust so much to the protection of the police that they seldom think of protecting themselves, and are apt to neglect even the commonest precautions. Compare the Albert watchchain, freely exposed to the clutch of the thief, to whom it offers itself almost as a challenge, with the old watch and seals buried deep in the fob, and not to be got at even by the owner without a struggle; compare the huge bolts and ponderous bars of an old house with the flimsy make-believes of the same kind now in use, and the comparison will be found to be highly suggestive of the sort of carelessness which has been engendered by habitual reliance on the police. Colonel Henderson declares that half the windows in London could be opened with an ordinary putty knife. A recent robbery at a jeweller's in St. James's showed that there was no fastening to the area flap, that the area door and windows were equally unprotected, and that all doors between the area and shop were left open for ventilation. Moreover, to save trouble, the watcher and jewelry were left in the shop-window all night. The jeweller might as well have asked the thieves to step in and help themselves. St. James's is a district where there is a good deal of plunder to be got, and the facilities offered to the predatory classes may be conceived from the following return for last year:—Doors and windows open, 618; keys in doors, 57; shutter bars without bolts, 10; cellar flaps unfastened, 5; fanlights open, 4; area gratings unfastened, 14; or a total of 708 acts of negligence on the part of occupiers and servants which, if not discovered by the police, might have led to serious results. "Regardless of caution," says the Superintendent of the Holborn division, "the public still appear careless, for the police discovered 1,065 doors and windows open at night; for some they were thanked by the inmates, others grumbled, a few thought it right to be insolent to the men for their pains." Formerly one of the first duties incident to citizenship was the duty of assisting the ministers of the law, and, if necessary, of personally discharging police duties. The explanation of the inefficiency of the old police system was simply that people believed that they could not be better protected than by themselves; and trusted more to locks and bars, and to never being out alone after nightfall, than to the constables. Now the public expect the police to take care of them in every way, and yet will hardly assist them even by taking ordinary and reasonable precautions.

It is necessary to bear in mind these circumstances in considering the present condition of the police. We find that the number of duties thrown on the police, the number of people they have to protect or control, the number of houses they have to watch over, the length of the streets they have to patrol, have all been continually increasing; and, further, that while the public expect more and more from the police, they do less to help them. On the other hand, there has been no addition to the numerical strength of the force at all proportionate to the increase of its labours. According to Colonel Henderson's latest report, the strength of the Metropolitan Police of all ranks was 9,655; but when we deduct the superintendents and inspectors, the constables employed in the Royal dockyards and military stations or detached on special duties, and the men on the sick-list or sick leave, there are left barely eight thousand sergeants and constables for the police duties of the metropolis. Of course these men must have time for sleep and recreation; only about a third of them can on the average be on duty at the same time. Moreover a considerable number of them are set apart for station-house and office duties. Making the necessary deductions on these grounds, we arrive at the conclusion that, for the actual watching of seven hundred square miles of closely packed streets and houses, inhabited by more than three millions and a half of people, there are available on the average at any one moment of the day not more than two thousand four hundred men. If the patrols are strengthened for any particular period of the day or night, it can only be at the expense of some other period. In his Report for 1870 the Chief Commissioner stated that the actual duty in the streets of the whole metropolis devolved for several hours a day on some eight hundred men. For our own part, we do not think that the present establishment of the police is strong enough for its work. We believe it would be well that it should be considerably increased; but we are quite ready to admit that much more depends on the quality than on the number of the men, and that a small body of steady, energetic, and intelligent constables, well broken to discipline, and animated by a keen sense of duty, would be in every way preferable to a large body of less efficient and trustworthy men. The unfortunate thing is, that the present force is anything but strong in quality. There are good grounds for believing that it is not what it once was in this respect, nor what it certainly ought to be. There is a deterioration in physique and a more serious deterioration, if not in education and intelligence, at least in temper, steadiness, and all that is known as *moral*. The causes of this falling off are not far to seek. In the first place, it is not any man out of the street who can be trained into a good constable; and, in the next place, the most satisfactory raw material cannot be worked up all at once into the finished article. You must get a superior order of men to join the force by making it as attractive as possible, and you must further find means to induce them to remain there—these are the conditions of a thoroughly efficient police. At present there is less difficulty in getting than in keeping men. Since the recent

advance of pay it cannot be said that the police are under-paid. For men who live and mess in the barracks the service is, taking into account all their advantages, both comfortable and well paid. For the married men more ought certainly to be done, and it would be a genuine economy to provide lodging-houses for their special use. What most requires attention, however, is the scale of pensions, and it is not creditable to the Home Office that this important question should have been treated in such a shabby and evasive way. A liberal scale of pensions would serve not only to attract good men into the service—perhaps even more than high wages would do—but also to keep them in it.

A year or two since an attempt was made to remedy an obvious and serious defect in the organization of the police. Between the Commissioners on the one hand and the superintendents on the other there was a missing link which, if the police had been an army, would have been supplied by about three hundred officers of various grades. Nothing is more important in a well-ordered body of police than a perfect system of communication between all the ranks, so that the chiefs may know all that is passing in the minds of the men, and may have the fullest advantage of their eyes and ears. In order to supply the Commissioners and the superintendents with a medium for confidential intercourse, four district superintendents, holding a rank equivalent to majors in the army, were added to the staff; but it may be doubted whether the new officers have answered the purpose for which they were appointed. With one exception they knew nothing of police duties, and had everything to learn. It is incredible that the recent threatening agitation for an increase of pay or the subsequent mutiny could have occurred if there had been proper means of communication between the lower and upper ranks. It is possible that some of the district superintendents may be found to have been rather insulators than conductors. Among other matters, it deserves consideration whether the area of the Metropolitan Police is not too large. It extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the City of London, and comprises some seven hundred square miles. A radius of ten miles would give a district which would perhaps be as much as Scotland Yard can conveniently manage. It is also doubtful whether too many different duties have not been thrown on the police, and whether they would not discharge their main functions better if relieved of some of the odds and ends of work which have been cast upon them simply because it was too much trouble to think how else they could be disposed of, and there was the police handy for the purpose. There are two ways of dealing with the police—one is to strengthen the force, and raise it to a level with its present duties; the other is to bring its duties down to the level of its capacity. The wisest plan would perhaps be to try a judicious combination of both modes of treatment.

#### WIMBLEDON CAMP.

WE are perhaps behind the world in having only just now made acquaintance with a periodical called the *Antiquary*, which seems to have been a growth of last year, as we have the fortieth number before us. It is its first article which mainly concerns us, and with the first article and its objects we feel all sympathy; but at the same time we thought it well to look on a little further, to see what class or stage of antiquarian knowledge might be represented by a paper, price twopence, describing itself as "a medium of intercommunication for antiquaries, archaeologists, numismatists, virtuosi, and collectors of articles of virtue and curiosities." The articles of "bigotry and virtue" are beyond our range, but we like to know what is going on among the antiquaries, archaeologists, and numismatists, even though we may not be quite able to grasp the distinction between antiquaries and archaeologists. There is an article on the Romans in Kent, signed "M. P. L."—initials which we do not know, but the bearer of which clearly knows what he is talking about, though he chooses to talk in a somewhat queer style, and to print his Latin in a queer way. This however is more than we can say of some of the other contributors. There is one signing himself "Middle Templar" who writes about the ethnology of the Scottish Highlanders. Here we have Pinkerton up again, and we are told that "there can be no kind of doubt, historic or otherwise, that the Scottish Highlanders are essentially Norwegians, and that a large Norwegian element enters into the composition of the modern Irish race, commonly but improperly called Celtic." That there is some Scandinavian element both in the Highlands and in Ireland there can be no manner of doubt; but to say that the Highlanders are essentially Norwegian is a somewhat large inference to make from the fact that many of the chiefs of the Highland clans were certainly of Scandinavian descent. Our "Middle Templar" then goes on to ask:—

In view of these facts, how can the Scottish Gaelic, with any regard to truth and probability, be designated a *Celtic* speech? Pinkerton long since suggested the explanation that the language of the Scottish mountaineer is only an obsolete form of the ancient Gothic, and everything, save the vagueness of hypothetical impossibility, goes to show that that great scholar was in the right. It seems probable that the then natives of those portions of Ireland and Scotland reduced by the Northmen, were the Belgæ of Caesar, whom he tells us were descended from the Germans.

He might as well ask how, in the face of the fact that many of the historic families of England are of Norman descent, English can, with any regard to truth and probability, be called a Teutonic

speech, and whether there is anything besides the vagueness of hypothetical impossibility, whatever that may be, to show that English is not an obsolete form of the ancient French.

The Celts have other enemies in the pages of the *Antiquary*, for not only does a certain "Picton" again quote Pinkerton to mock—this time not without reason—at the wildness of Celtic etymology, but a contributor who signs himself "Re" seems inclined to wipe them out altogether. He takes the trouble to translate the form of the oath of the Roman *Pater patratus* out of the First Book of Livy, and adds as follows:—

Upon which the herald smote the pig with a sharp flint stone. The use of flint implements by the Romans is worthy of note. Flint hatchets, and other remains of this character, are usually ascribed to that mythical people called Celts.

Re.

Præhistoric archaeology would certainly seem to be at rather a low ebb in some quarters; but if the Celts may crow over their enemies on this point, some of their friends are at least as far behindhand in the plainest matters of comparative philology. Here is "E. T.," who has a theory of the origin of the name Swansea which is far too deep for us:—

History informs us that many nations, and consequently as many languages, have from time to time held sway over this part of the Welsh coast, each leaving its footprints in the names of places around. The old Celtic language has undoubtedly the first claim, being anciently essentially the same as the German, Welsh, Phoenician, and Old Hebrew. Out of this Celtic spring the majority of the words in the Greek and Latin tongues. We must therefore begin, not with the branches, but with the root that produced them.

Lastly, we find an old blunder of Dr. Latham's turning up again. The name *Denbigh*, borne by a town and county in North Wales, appears also in Pembrokeshire under the corrupted English form *Tenby*. This accidental *by* was mistaken by Dr. Latham for the *by* so common in the Danish part of England, and it seems that other people since Dr. Latham have been found, in the words of Tate and Brady, to "repeat the gross mistake":—

Mr. J. A. Picton, of Wavertree, Liverpool, finds fault with Taylor, the author of *Words and Places*, for calling this place's name Danish. This, Mr. Picton terms "a great slip." The latter affirms, on very slender grounds, as I think, that "Tenby" is a corruption of a Welsh name. What authority is there for this statement? The name appears to me excessively, I should say certainly, Scandinavian.

The writer who speaks with such great authority gives the initials "F. C. H." initials which, by some uncontrollable impulse, carry us off to the "Afra capella" of Speier and to the Indian conquests of Judas Maccabeus.

It certainly brings to light a strange state of things when this sort of thing can get into print in a periodical which makes any kind of pretensions to a scientific character, even though somewhat of a commercial, or at least an advertising, element seems to be strongly mingled therewith. But we turn to the first article, the article of "Cæsar's Camp at Wimbledon," which gives what we suppose is the last news as to the chances of preserving this important historic monument from wanton destruction. The efforts made in the neighbourhood seem to be beyond all praise. A guarantee fund has been formed, and those who are interested seem to be trying all means to preserve the Camp from the barbarous havoc with which it is threatened. How the state of the case stands at this moment between those who are labouring to preserve the Camp and those who are seeking to destroy it will be best told in the words of the *Antiquary*:—

J. S. W. Drax, Esq., M.P., the owner of the land, has been communicated with, through a private channel, on behalf of the Conservators of the Camp, but he has thought fit to reply thereto through the columns of the *Times*. A correspondence has also been opened with Mr. Albert Dixon, of Wimbledon, who has, we are given to understand, agreed for, or, indeed, already taken, a lease of half the Camp for building purposes. This gentleman, we have been further informed, is willing to relinquish this portion of land so leased to him in exchange for an adjoining plot, provided he be paid the sum of 2,000*l.* for loss and deterioration of site. Assuming such demand to be equitable, this readiness on his part thus to aid in the preservation of Cæsar's Camp is commendable, but he intimates that all future negotiations with him thereon will be without avail unless Mr. Drax will entertain a new arrangement.

It further seems that a legal question has been raised whether Mr. Drax really has any right to build over the Camp; and the Conservators—we do not know whether these Conservators are a legally recognized body or not—are ready to go to law about the matter, if need be. The *Antiquary* however suggests that they should not risk the uncertainty of the law until they have made some further attempts to come to terms with Mr. Drax. From one point of view this is no doubt good advice; at the same time we should like to know what the law of the case really is, though of course when we knew what was the law of the matter as to the Camp at Wimbledon, we should not be safe in inferring what the law may be as to any kindred monument anywhere else. But the great question remains behind. Is there any chance of getting the law on these matters changed, or settled, or declared, or whatever may be needed in order to save the historic and prehistoric monuments of the country from being daily sacrificed, sometimes to sheer ignorance, sometimes to private caprice? Of course if the things were at Ephesus or Halicarnassus instead of at Wimbledon and Dorchester, we should be all aghast to take any amount of trouble and spend any amount of money about them. But Wimbledon, Dorchester, and Wroxeter have the disadvantage of being in our own island, bearing names given to them by our own fathers, names which have only half as many syllables as Halicarnassus or Mesopotamia. Moreover Mr. Ayton stands in the way ready to snub both Wimbledon and

Halicarnassus, and to insult the Conservators of either, with praiseworthy impartiality.

Still, there seems to be some chance. According to the *Antiquary*, Sir John Lubbock is ready with a measure to preserve all monuments of the kind. Sir John Lubbock is but a private member of Parliament, and the matter is one which certainly ought to be taken up by the Government. Still Sir John Lubbock, even as a private member, has done great things already, and he may do great things again. Sir John Lubbock is at once antiquary and banker; if in his Parliamentary character he can do as much for the antiquaries as he has already done for the bankers, or at least for their clerks, the antiquaries will have every reason to be satisfied. Indeed we are not at all sure that the two characters can be fairly looked on as altogether distinct. The writer in the *Antiquary* does not press the claims of Wimbledon Camp only on antiquarian grounds. Its preservation is pleaded for in the general interest of the neighbourhood, in the general interest of London itself. It suggests that the City of London should take the matter up, and, from a letter which has since appeared in the *Times*, there seems some chance that the City of London may take it up. Setting aside all antiquarian value in the spot, the place itself is just the kind of place which it is of the utmost moment to keep untouched in the neighbourhood of a capital or other great city. An artificial park in a city can never be like a genuine piece of nature at an accessible distance from the city. Wimbledon Common itself is a great gain, but the Camp, with its ditches, its trees, its prospect, is a tenfold gain on the mere common. It is not merely the antiquaries, it is not merely the inhabitants of Wimbledon, who would be wronged if such a spot were to be covered with houses; it is a matter which almost equally touches those whom Sir John Lubbock's Bank Holidays Act sets free, and who may well wish for success to any efforts which he may be about to make on behalf of the antiquaries.

The popular name of Cæsar's Camp, given to the fortress at Wimbledon, is of course only a popular name. It marks the Camp as belonging to that secondary class of wonders which popular belief looks on as too great to be the work of any mortal short of the great conqueror, but which still did not rise to the level of those for which it was needful to call in the yet higher powers of the Devil. But Wimbledon is a place of no small moment in early English history. Nobody, we believe, doubts that Wimbledon is the Wibbandūn of the *Chronicles*. If so, it is the scene of the first recorded fight between Englishman and Englishman. "Istud est primum bellum quod inter se Reges Anglorum gesserunt," is the comment of Henry of Huntingdon. And the entries of the *Chronicles* bear him out. From 449 to 568 the warfare recorded in the national annals is wholly the warfare between Briton and Englishman. It is hardly possible that the various English settlements, Kentish, South-Saxon, and West-Saxon, should never, from the landing of *Ælle* and *Cissa* in 477, have come into any hostile contact with one another for ninety-one years. But it would seem that there was no warfare on a great scale, no pitched battle, probably no conquest of territory made by one English tribe at the expense of another. At last, in 568 we read how Cæwlin and Cutha his brother fought with *Æthelberht* and drove him into Kent, and slew two *Ealdormen* at Wibbandūn, *Oslac* and *Cnebba*. Henry of Huntingdon represents the war as a defensive one on the side of the West-Saxons, who repulsed or revenged the inroads of *Æthelberht* on their territory. This is not at all unlikely. Of the three English powers which now divided south-western Britain, the West-Saxons were the aggressive and advancing power. The conquests which they were making step by step from the Welsh threatened to shut up both Kent and Sussex within their actual borders, and to keep them from any further conquests. Sussex most likely did not stir; the whole energies of the South-Saxons seem to have spent themselves under their first founder and Bretwalda *Ælle* in the establishment of the kingdom and the taking of Anderida. But Kent, under a King who was presently to be Bretwalda himself, was not likely to keep so quiet. If nothing was done to check the West-Saxon advance, there would be no chance of the *Æscians* ever reigning over any greater territory than they had won during the days of the first conquest. The man who afterwards was the first Christian King of English blood was therefore probably the first to begin those wars between Englishmen and Englishmen which fill up so large a space in the later history, and which so greatly delayed the English conquest of the whole land. The West-Saxon King, presently to be the greatest of conquerors at the cost of the Briton, answered by the fight at Wibbandūn. It is hard to say what was the exact position of Surrey at this time. The name of the district is not mentioned till long after in the time of *Ine*, but, whenever it was given, it must have been the East-Saxons who gave it. They were already settled north of the Thames, forming another hindrance to the development of Kent. Surrey could not have been an integral part of Kent, as *Æthelberht* was driven out of it into Kent. It may have been a dependency of Kent, a debatable land, a separate principality. That it was English is plain from there being a Wibbandūn, which implies an English *Wibba* to have given the down his name. But whatever was the early state of Surrey, the result of the fight of Wibbandūn was to make it West-Saxon. This is implied in the driving of *Æthelberht* back into Kent. It is more certainly implied in the boundaries of the West-Saxon Bishopric, the surest witness of the boundaries of the West-Saxon Kingdom. Ever since there have been Bishops of Winchester, Surrey has formed part of their diocese.

The fight of Wimbledon, then, fixed Kent and Sussex within their oldest and still abiding frontiers, and gave to Wessex the opportunity of extending the English power in South Britain. Cæwlin and Cutha went on with the British conquests till the great day of Fethanleah in 594. Wessex then all but reached to Chester. Then came the civil discords in Wessex and the fall of the great conqueror. Now it probably was that *Æthelberht*, though still unable to extend the boundary of his immediate kingdom, was able to use whatever amount of authority beyond its bounds was implied in the rank of Bretwalda. That that authority was not merely nominal is shown by *Æthelberht* being able to give a safe-conduct to Augustine to go to meet the British Bishops on the furthest boundary of southern Wessex.

Without, then, bringing in Cæsar, Wimbledon is a place full of great names and associations for those who do not shut their eyes to the history of their own land. The fortress which, we may be sure, played some part in the wars of Cæwlin and *Æthelberht* fully deserves to be cared for as a national monument and to be saved from the threatened havoc.

#### MILITARY MILLINERY.

TO judge from the numerous and lengthy orders on the subject of dress which have from the earliest times been promulgated for the guidance of the army, it would appear that Mars was a tailor. Frederick the Great employed, to considerable purpose, the carefully drilled and punctiliously dressed soldiers of his unpleasant father. We in England at once jumped to the conclusion that pipeclay and pig-tails had much to say to the Prussian victories. From that time forth the tailor has, in the British army, held equal rank with the tactician; indeed till recently a Chinese citizen of the world might have been excused for thinking that scissors took precedence of science. He certainly would be confirmed in this idea were he to read the elaborate order on officers' dress which has lately been issued. Our readers must not suppose for a moment that we undervalue the importance of a handsome dress for our warriors, or deny the necessity of issuing such regulations as will ensure uniformity in their war-paint. A handsome dress adds to the self-respect of soldiers, and very appreciably facilitates recruiting. It is not so much abstract beauty as distinctiveness of costume which rejoices the heart of the warrior. What he delights in is an attire which, like the phylactery of the Pharisee, shall indicate that he is not as other men are. He will submit even to some uncouthness of appearance provided that his garb informs the world that he belongs to a band which is in the habit of drilling neat holes in the enemy with a lance instead of making an unsightly gash with a broadsword, or to a description of fighting men who blow the foe into fragments with shells instead of stopping the action of the heart with a conical piece of lead. Nevertheless the soldier is not insensible to the pleasure of setting off his martial form with gorgeous colours and brilliant metal. Indeed such is the exuberance of taste in the army that its chiefs are continually occupied in restraining its eccentricities. The inconvenience which would be caused were every man to be allowed to give free play to his fancy in the matter of dress is evident, and the Commander-in-Chief has therefore done well to lay down rigid rules on the subject. We cannot, however, understand the necessity of so much of his time being devoted to this branch of the art of war. Few armies have had more varied and extensive experience than our own; and we should imagine, therefore, that a code of regulations once published would suffice to guide the sartorial mind for an indefinite number of years. The increased power of firearms has rendered necessary great changes in tactics, and we have no reason to suppose that in this particular we shall ever stand still; breech-loaders have, however, produced no effect on tunics, neither have rifled guns necessitated a fresh disposition of the sword-belt. A Committee of practical officers could very speedily decide on the most suitable dress for the army, and their decision would no doubt be accepted by those interested for at least half a century to come. It is true that tailoring Committees are occasionally assembled, but they do not give satisfaction, because they are restrained by preconceived notions and hampered by the necessity of adorning the soldier for parade instead of being allowed to fit him for a campaign. A complete revolution in the dress of the British army is by the unanimous consent of all practical men required. The organizing, arming, clothing, and equipping of troops should be regulated by considerations of fitness for the field, and not by the fancied necessities of peaceful parades. If suitability for active service can be combined with the requirements of Hyde Park or Aldershot so much the better; but the first thing to be considered is what will best enable a soldier to preserve his health and use his weapons when opposed to the enemy. Economy and restriction of baggage are also worthy of thought. Now the multiplicity of garments required by existing regulations, endorsed by the recent reminder from the Horse Guards, renders both economy and a small amount of baggage impossible; and thus the first principle which should be observed in devising a dress for the army is violated. It may shock some old military conservatives, but we believe we are only echoing the sentiments of all real soldiers when we say that the basis of all uniform should be a fighting dress, and that the soldier should be normally clothed in a manner befitting his normal occupation. Peace, with its parades,

reviews, levées, and balls, should be looked on as an exceptional state of affairs to be recognized by mere additions in the way of ornament, and should not be allowed to exercise a substantial influence on dress. The fighting coat, when its lustre had become a little tarnished, would do for fatigues, boards, and regimental drills; and the fighting coat, with the addition of epaulettes and a gold sash, might be made handsome enough for occasions of ceremony. Such an arrangement is clearly the ideal of military uniform, and it is an ideal which could be easily attained. The existing practice is very different. A perusal of the late order suggests the idea that not experienced soldiers, but veteran chamberlains, assisted by a committee of army tailors and accoutrement makers, had been consulted. Indeed the Adjutant-General who can commit the various details to memory can have little room in his mind for purely military matters. It is only fair to say that there is nothing new in the system. For years past it has required long experience and no slight study to enable officers of corps to learn how they ought to be dressed under such or such circumstances. For instance, in a Lancer regiment an officer has to commit to memory the particulars of no fewer than eight costumes. In the Horse Artillery matters are nearly as bad, while in Highland regiments there are nine different dresses. The worst of it is also that some of the details depend upon the commanding officer, and in consequence are continually being changed. Can anything be more absurd or more inconvenient than such a system?

Moreover, in addition to the absurdity and inconvenience, there is another very strong reason for reform, and that is the expense. It has been announced by the Secretary of War that he is anxious to see commissions in the possession of none but professional officers—i.e. of men who enter the army either from a pure love of the career of arms, or with the intention of making it their means of livelihood. How the presence of men of this description adds to the efficiency of an army may be seen by referring to the history of the Scotch regiments in the service of Gustavus Adolphus. Why cannot we obtain an ample supply of equally valuable officers? The answer is simple. The pay is miserably small, and the expense unnecessarily great. In the latter the cost of uniform and accoutrements stands out conspicuously, and who is the better for it? A few vain young men whom the army would be better without, and a host of tradesmen whose influence, whether rightly or wrongly, is popularly supposed to prevent all reform. The army is no longer a lounge, a club, or a university for the training of the heirs of large estates. Men of rank and property undoubtedly give a social status to the army which is by no means to be despised; but if military efficiency and social status are incompatible, it is not the former that must be sacrificed. But there is no reason to suppose that the army would be less highly thought of in society if it were a more economical profession. The cadets of good families instinctively seek to enter the military service, and in all countries make the best officers. In England, however, the gradually increasing expenses of a military life drive such men unwillingly into professions less congenial to them, but in which they are, if clever and zealous, able to live by their work. We may be sure that amateurs will always be less efficient than professionals. In the British army the amateur element is too strong in itself, and moreover corrupts those who, if left to themselves, would be good working officers. And here let us say a word on that part of the late order which lays it down that officers are to wear uniform when on duty in camp or quarters, but that it rests with general officers commanding districts to permit plain clothes to be worn on other occasions. It scarcely required a memorandum from the Horse Guards to impress upon officers that, when they are on parade, engaged in orderly duties, or sitting on a court-martial, they are not to be clothed like civilians. As to the latter part of the order, we cannot but regard it as a mistake. It may be open to question whether officers, when on leave in London or elsewhere, should wear the garb of their profession; but there can be no doubt, in our opinion, that when they are present with their regiment they ought never to appear out of uniform. It is argued that the barrister does not appear in the streets in the dress which he wears in court, and that in like manner it is unreasonable to expect the officer to advertise his profession when not actively employed in performing its duties. There is, however, no analogy between the two cases. The barrister's costume is not suited for out-of-door wear or exercise; whereas the dress of an officer is, or ought to be. Besides, an officer present with his regiment may at any moment be called upon to exercise his authority in order to quell a disturbance, and he is at all times liable to be placed suddenly on duty. The young and thoughtless may sneer at the suggestion, but the older and more zealous officers will, we think, agree with us that a soldier should not be ashamed of showing himself what he is, a military servant of the Crown. In the last century the officer was always distinguishable by his costume, seldom by his military title; even general officers being habitually spoken of and addressed as plain "Mr." We have reversed the practice nowadays; military titles being ostentatiously paraded, and the military dress being carefully eschewed. To leave it to general officers to decide whether officers are to dress as such or to confound themselves with shopboys, is in the highest degree undesirable; for, as every general has his own orders, and every garrison its own customs, the very aim of dress regulations—namely, uniformity of costume—is defeated. To-day plain clothes are openly permitted, to-morrow merely connived at, the next day strictly forbidden. The result will be that, as hitherto,

officers will have their own way, and, emulating the authorities at the Horse Guards, will habitually show themselves to the public disguised as civilians. We need never hope to see a thoroughly professional army so long as such a practice prevails. The first step towards making officers proud of their profession is to teach them to take pride in exhibiting the outward symbols of it.

#### SERGEANT BATES'S MARCH.

A N enterprising American has undertaken to carry the flag friendly disposition towards those whom it is the fashion to call our cousins. If Sergeant Bates should not before he reaches the end of his journey be confined as a lunatic, or apprehended as a vagrant, or overcome by the exuberant hospitality of entertainers along his route, we should think that he is likely to accomplish his mission with as much *éclat* as weather and circumstances will admit. He must not, however, allow himself to think too much of his receptions in dull country towns, where anything that will produce a sensation is acceptable. All the boys in any town through which he passes may be relied upon to cheer him. But, as he will be inevitably considered as the vanguard of a splendid procession which will not appear, he may perhaps experience a cooling of enthusiasm when it is discovered that the entire show consists of one man carrying a flag. It may possibly be thought that he is come to "collect," as the Americans say, the *Alabama* claims from house to house; but alarm on this account will cease when he is found to constitute in his own person both general and army. He landed at Glasgow, and soon crossed the Border, and he has since performed the greater part of his march. When he left home he had a bet depending on the result, but, "in order that there may be nothing objectionable about the transaction," he has put an end to the wager, which was perhaps considered to detract from the grandeur of a mission capable of being described as international. We do not know whether the terms of the wager when it existed required that Sergeant Bates should walk with flag unfurled all the way between town and town; but we believe that, if he does, he will find everything friendly except the weather, and he will be able to boast that there are few Englishmen who know England as well as he does. He has doubtless already discovered that any irritation which Englishmen feel in connexion with the Treaty of Washington is directed against their own blundering representatives, while they have become habituated to being overmatched in diplomacy by their astute cousins. The wager which has been put an end to as objectionable could hardly have been decided; for although Sergeant Bates would doubtless know whether or not he had been "well treated," it might have been difficult for any umpire to determine whether the flag which he carried had been "respected." It appears, indeed, that the adventurer has been so well treated as rather to interfere with the rapidity of his progress. There has been no invasion of England from the North since '45, when the Highlanders advanced so far that

E'en Derby saw their vaunted banners wave.

The conquering march of Sergeant Bates will be arrested only at the Guildhall of the City of London, where his flag, or what is left of it, will be furled, and the Sergeant will proceed to quarter himself on the captured city. He will have devoted as much time to seeing England as his countrymen usually do to a tour of Europe, and it is to be hoped that the friends at whose request he made this harmless experiment will be gratified by the result.

It must be owned that the journey of Sergeant Bates to London must be rather dull work compared with the exciting scenes which await the traveller in America. According to the newspapers an "Iliad" is always transacting itself in Arkansas, for example. The last novelty in violence which that wonderful country has produced has been the appearance before a justice of one Fitzpatrick with seventy-five armed negroes at his back and more in reserve. Fitzpatrick demanded to be admitted to bail in the sum of 3,000 dollars, with which demand the justice complied, as under the circumstances might be expected. There has been a fight lately at a place called Hurricane Timber between whites and blacks, and there appears to be a doubt whether the whites who conquered at Hurricane Timber did not fight under a Confederate flag. It is to be hoped that Sergeant Bates in his peaceful campaign in England will not make a similar mistake. If he were to produce the Confederate flag, and the spectators did not instantly tear it from his hands and jump upon it, there would be danger of a fresh complication in the act of celebrating peace. Even for a single murder we are often obliged in England to have recourse to fiction, whereas in America they still have battles. We cannot help fearing that Sergeant Bates must have found this very dull country. A man may march all the way from Carlisle to London without seeing a single corpse of a sheriff or judge. In Arkansas, when they have nothing else to quarrel about, they can always fight upon the pronunciation of the name, which some resolute persons carrying rifles insist shall be called Arkansas. Many residents in Derbyshire object to what they call the cockney pronunciation of their county's name, but they do not go the length of correcting a vulgarism with revolvers. The notorious Fitzpatrick charged Sheriff Murray with embezzlement, and in the alteration which ensued he shot him dead. This is how things are done in America, while in England a few policemen keep a large town in

order; and if the policemen go on strike, the town is ready to keep itself in order until they return to duty. The only thing that we can show Sergeant Bates at all worthy of his notice is a railway accident, and there indeed we need not be altogether ashamed of comparing ourselves with our Transatlantic rivals. It is strange, however, to observe how the advantages of different stages of civilization are nearly equalized. In the wilder parts of America there are few railways, and therefore there cannot be many accidents; but, on the other hand, Irishmen kill "darkies" without compunction in any quarrel. However, as winter draws on, it may be expected that confused pointsmen will do something to maintain our character as butchers. But, at any rate, we are less sanguinary than the people of Vicksburg, who would, as Sergeant Bates apprehends, have made his blood stain the pavement of the city if he had shown his flag in it. We can contemplate the stars and stripes with equanimity, and can only hope that Sergeant Bates will accomplish his undertaking successfully, and will carry back to native Illinois a satisfactory report of the state of feeling of the remote interior of England. He reached Oxford some days ago, and is advancing, or, as he would doubtless say, "progressing," amid an admiring crowd at the rate of a mile per hour. Sentiment grows more enthusiastic as he proceeds, and it really ought to be a positive pleasure to us all to contribute towards the payment of the *Alabama* claims. Even the San Juan affair looks insignificant now that Mr. Bates has come and waved his flag in our streets.

We hope, however, that he will choose his company discreetly on his march. We read with some apprehension that at Banbury an Irishman loudly cheered him and asked to carry his knapsack, and on arriving at a neighbouring village a hospitable inhabitant entertained the Sergeant's party, "including the Irishman." There will be no difficulty in getting the Sergeant's knapsack, or even the Sergeant himself, carried on these terms. But the maxim *noscitur a sociis* is, we fear, applicable to the case. Liberal entertainment might produce on Irish sympathizers an effect which might bring discredit on the enterprise. There are policemen and magistrates capable of getting the bearer of Sergeant Bates's knapsack fined if he should present himself to their notice in the character of a slightly intoxicated Irishman. Then again there are vagrants of English birth whose company would be either dangerous or discreditable. We are told that at a wayside hostelry the Sergeant had luncheon, which he shared with two moneymaking people, husband and wife, who tramped part of the road with him on their way to Portsmouth. If it once begins to be known that meat and drink are to be had by following Sergeant Bates he will reach London at the head of a ragged regiment which will need the serious attention of the police. Happily, however, vagrants have a wholesome dread of encountering those "leading inhabitants" who, as we are told, have welcomed Sergeant Bates on his entering several towns; and besides, speechifying and explanation of historical associations must be a burden to the vagrant's mind. He was met at the entrance of Oxford by two students of New College, who, let us hope, were *bene nati, bene vestiti*, according to the ancient statutory qualification, and therefore suitably selected by fortune to do him honour. According to report these two undergraduates saluted the American flag with great fervour, whereupon the Sergeant remarked, "Oxford is all right." Shortly afterwards he was met by stray detachments of students, from all of whom he received "a hearty ovation," which persons instructed in undergraduate nature may perhaps consider as a new variety of chaff. On reaching the town the streets were crowded, and Town and Gown vied with each other in giving welcome. If they had vied with each other in something else Sergeant Bates might have witnessed a slight interruption of the monotonous tranquillity of England. A lady ran up and embraced him. In the evening he held an "informal *levée*," which, we should think, was very informal indeed. Invitations poured in, but the Sergeant, exercising, as we think, a wise discretion, fled from the exuberant hospitality of Oxford after only one night's stay there. Undergraduates would doubtless have entertained him until the end of term if he would have remained with them; but if the march to London is to be completed, it had better proceed without delay. There will be room in the libraries of Oxford for any number of copies of the book in which Sergeant Bates is to describe his tour, and there will also be room in the pockets of Sergeant Bates or his publishers for the money which the book will bring in. Happily he keeps moving, and thus no great crop of absurdities can arise out of his enterprise at any particular place. The undergraduates who drank champagne at his informal *levée* probably considered the joke a good one while it lasted; but Sergeant Bates and his flag might easily become bore. We hope, at any rate, that his present experiment will be satisfactory and final. He promises to carry our English flag through the United States, but perhaps he may be persuaded to rest and be thankful when he returns home.

#### THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE current number of *Tinsley's Magazine* contains a vindication by Mr. Charles Mathews of the practice adopted by himself and other actors of interpolating new jokes and modern allusions into the *Critic*. It is quite true, as Mr. Mathews says, that mistakes equally absurd with those which are attributed to the actors in the mock tragedy have occurred in rehearsals or even in representations of actual plays. As regards new plays

such mistakes are perhaps not surprising, but even the plays of Shakespeare, as adapted to the stage, and other plays equally familiar, are always liable to be rendered ludicrous by the stupidity or misplaced ingenuity of the actors in them. Thus, to take the first example that occurs to us, an actress who now enjoys deserved popularity made an ill-advised experiment of a new reading of the part of Desdemona. We all remember the speech which she delivers on first appearing before the Duke and Senators. "My noble father," she begins, "I do perceive here a divided duty"; and she shows that to her father she owes life and education. But here, she proceeds to say, is her husband;

And so much duty as my mother showed  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

The lady whom we have in mind made, as she spoke the last line, a half turn to the Duke, who sat in state with Senators on either side, and with a profound reverence addressed to him particularly the words "My lord." Now there is certainly no supposed blunder in the *Critic* more absurd than this which actually occurred. It would not strike the mind of an ordinary listener as those blunders do, but, when considered, it displays an amount of misplaced intelligence which is much more wonderful than the accidental errors of those who do not profess to be anything more than machines for uttering words. If, as Mr. Mathews says, a man of this class is "sober, clean, and perfect," he has earned his salary. He is not paid to think, and had much better leave thinking to those who are paid for it. But an actor of a higher class, who either is expected or undertakes to improve an author's text, and treats it as this lady did Desdemona's speech, offers a sublime spectacle of refined and educated stupidity. There are stories without end of blunders of lower grade. Thus an actor had to walk slowly forward, look at another actor, and shake his head. He complied accurately with these directions, except that he shook the wrong head. But many actors are capable of doing what they have to do correctly, although they make no effort of intelligence. Thus Mr. Mathews mentions an actor who had played a part admirably for many nights without ever having had the curiosity to inquire in what way he was mixed up with the plot. He had been accidentally absent from the reading of the play, and thus had begun to act in it without having the slightest idea what it was about, or who and what he was in it. We observe that an experienced dramatist advises that a play should always be printed for use in the theatre, and he recommends aspiring authors to print their plays before submitting them to a manager. We greatly doubt, however, whether the ordinary "utility" actor would take the trouble to read more than his own part, or would learn anything useful from it if he did. As Mr. Mathews truly says, the mechanical prevails over the intellectual in the practice of the "useful" actor. If a play of Shakespeare is performed at almost any theatre, the smaller parts will be necessarily entrusted to actors who will betray by their manner that they do not understand the meaning of the words they utter. It would be small help to an actor who could not understand a dozen lines of poetry to require him to read several hundred lines. But undoubtedly it would be possible to convey to the mind of such an actor a general idea of the play in which he was to take part. Repeated rehearsals would necessarily have this effect; and we believe that the greater finish of French performances as compared with English is really due to no more abstruse cause than this, that the French expend more labour upon rehearsals. Even if acting be for the most part mechanical, and not intellectual, it is still desirable that the machine should work as smoothly and accurately as possible.

A glance over the advertisements by which actors and managers exchange knowledge of their wants and wishes tends to show that acting is much more mechanical than intellectual. At present all managers in town and country are preparing some sort of Christmas piece, and the first requisite towards engaging an actress for burlesque or pantomime is to see her *carte*. Thus a provincial manager wants a young lady of good appearance and first-class vocalist to play the principal singing part in the pantomime. Applicants are desired to send *carte* and lowest terms. One gathers from this advertisement that photography must be an extensive and important business. To all women beauty is desirable, but an actress specially needs that kind of beauty which can be made to display itself on a *carte*. The representation should be favourable, but not too flattering, as it would not do to give a manager opportunity for saying that the reality did not equal the description. There are probably photographers who have made it their particular study to take actresses, and doubtless the business of being taken is well understood by those who sit to them. Another manager announces that "ladies of the ballet may apply, and must enclose *cartes*." Advertisers usually request that silence may be taken as a "courteous negative." They appear to be almost equally in want of "stars" and "useful people," and perhaps it might be interesting to inquire into the process of formation of a "star," and into the evidence by which a country manager would satisfy himself that an applicant for engagement is a "star." It is not exactly true that, as some astronomers have thought, stars are made out of nothing; but nevertheless a vapoury element of puffing enters largely into their composition. All plays that are produced in London are plentifully advertised, and the names of the principal performers in them are again and again repeated. It is usual to give all the names together in one advertisement, and then to give them separately in others. These

separate advertisements are probably paid for by the individual performers, who thus gradually manufacture themselves into London stars capable of setting the provincial firmament in a blaze. Any "acknowledged star with special attraction" may apply at a particular theatre in the country. It would be curious to see the applications which are thus called forth. We can partly conjecture what is meant by "attraction," but we should think that among stars self-assertion is much more common than public acknowledgment. Besides stars, "startling novelties" and "sensational novelties" are in great request, and, above all, managers want "talent" combined, if possible, with sobriety. One manager is particularly explicit as to his wants, which comprise "a lady of dashing appearance" to sustain the principal part in the opening of a pantomime. She must be thoroughly up in burlesque. Six ladies are also wanted for ballet. Instruction will be given fitting them for burlesque, which probably would not be difficult. "A gentleman as leader of orchestra" is also required, and he must possess certain special qualities, which are enumerated. He must be able to "arrange," and he must not be one of that sort who draw money from a manager and never appear. Putting the same idea in other and even more striking language, the advertiser describes the "gentleman" whom he seeks to lead his orchestra as one who will not get drunk three consecutive nights and suddenly disappear without a moment's warning—in short, a "gentleman of business."

Turning to the advertisers who seek engagements, we observe a certain frankness which shows that they are addressing, not the public, but the managers of theatres and music-halls. Thus a gentleman of varied talent and resources announces that he can be had cheap. He could act as chairman or secretary, and take turn in reciting from Shakespeare and modern poets. Thus far he is capable in what we will call the intellectual part of his business; nor is he deficient in the practical part, for he adds that he is a "first-class hand at making door-posters." We do not know, but can partly conjecture, what are the duties of a "chairman" at a concert hall. They doubtless comprise an intelligent and at the same time impartial appreciation of the entertainments, and if the "chairman" is expected to set an example to the company in giving orders, it is evident that in this case the sobriety which managers in general so much desire would have to be kept within proper limits and not be carried to excess. A gentleman who can both recite Shakespeare and compose "posters" seems to be equally qualified in point of "talent" and "utility." It appears to be the desire of actors and actresses to inform managers either that they do or do not want engagements. They of course proceed on the same principle that causes a barrister's clerk to state in answer to inquiries that his master is "at Westminster." He knows that one brief, or supposed brief, is likely to bring another. But some theatrical advertisers enter into their professional, or even private, history to an extent that seems to us superfluous. Thus we learn that the "Star Trio," consisting of Mr. and Mrs. B. and the acknowledged greatest infant vocalist and dancer on the British boards, "Little Shamrock," are fulfilling their seventh engagement at Leeds. Then follows an announcement, apparently proceeding from Mr. B., that he never was an Irish nigger, and was not induced to drag his wife from the wash-tub into the profession. Supposing that Mr. and Mrs. B. are able to draw at Leeds, we should think it mattered little to the manager or the public whether he was once a nigger, or whether his wife was once a washerwoman. As a matter of private and domestic convenience, we should think that a professional nigger might find a matrimonial alliance with a washerwoman convenient. Mr. B. proceeds to state that "we"—meaning probably himself and his wife—"are and were the first of existing Irish duettists." May we venture to surmise that the advertiser is an Irishman? We bear in mind that he never was a nigger. He and his wife are and were the first of existing performers in a particular line. In other professions men and women begin at the bottom of the ladder and gradually ascend. But these gifted duettists began at the top, and have remained there. We suppose that "the acknowledged greatest infant vocalist and dancer" not only is, but was, the first in his or her line. We really should like to know whether "Little Shamrock" is male or female. Almost the next advertisement in the same page informs us that the "Polandric Sprite" is open to an engagement for Christmas. Another announcement is that "an elegant troupe of living statuary" can arrange for a tour next year. Truly the intellectual part of histrionic business does not seem to have been developed in recent years at all equally to the practical and mechanical.

#### THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH AND THE MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

WE have received from a correspondent possessing every title to our respect and confidence a letter complaining of a remark which we recently made on the opposition offered by the University of Edinburgh to the medical education of women. Our correspondent considers that there has been some misapprehension as to the facts of the case, and that injustice has been done to the University. The true account of the matter he maintains to be this:—

The failure in obtaining a full medical education for women from the University of Edinburgh has arisen, first, from difficulties inherent in a plan

which would require hard-worked Professors and medical men in extensive and important practice to give their lectures twice over; secondly, from a dead-lock produced by the announcement on high legal authority that the graduation of women was absolutely beyond our powers.

Our correspondent also states that the admission of women to medical instruction was from the first regarded as tentative and experimental, and that, in fact, the friends of the female students strongly deprecated any inquiry as to what the final issue of this concession was to be, whether the graduation of women or otherwise. We have carefully compared this letter with the documents quoted in Miss Jex-Blake's narrative on which our expression of opinion was based. We have found, as we felt certain we should find, that our correspondent's account is absolutely accurate. But although it is absolutely accurate, it is not absolutely complete. It may be worth while, therefore, to sketch very briefly the history of the question.

In 1869 Miss Jex-Blake, waiving the question of matriculation, was allowed to attend certain classes as an experiment. That this was a tentative plan was distinctly understood by both sides. At the end of the same year the University authorities sanctioned "the instruction of women for the profession of medicine." The authorities imagined, our correspondent says, that the whole question was still to be kept on the footing of an experiment. The female students, on the other hand, appear to have formed the opinion that the concession of "instruction for the profession of medicine" implied that they would be enabled to qualify for the practice of that profession. This misconception is enough to account for all the difficulties which have since arisen. We cannot help thinking that the official regulations should have been framed in such a way as to leave no room for doubt on this point; and also that the University authorities should have taken the trouble to ascertain at once how far graduation was legally open to women. The authorities may have erred out of tenderness for the women, and desire to do what they could for them; but nevertheless we think they were to blame in not having at the outset been more careful to avoid the possibility of a misunderstanding. Under the regulations of 1869 Miss Jex-Blake and four other ladies matriculated in the ordinary manner, and were registered as students of medicine in the register kept by order of the General Council of Medical Education. For the next six months they attended separate courses of lectures given by some of the Professors, and the same examination papers were given to them as were given to the male students. In the chemistry class one of them, Miss Pechey, obtained the third place. The four students who have received the highest marks in this class are entitled to certain scholarships called the Hope Scholarships. The Professor passed over Miss Pechey on the ground that, having studied at a different hour, she was not a member of the Chemistry Class of the University, and declined, with perfect consistency, to give the female students the ordinary certificates of attendance. They appealed to the Senate against this refusal, and Miss Pechey appealed at the same time against the Professor's refusal to award her the Hope Scholarship. The Senate decided that the female students were to receive the ordinary certificates of attendance at the Chemistry Class of the University, thus overthrowing the Professor's reason for withholding the Scholarship; but nevertheless sustained him in withholding it. This decision certainly appears to us to be incapable of justification.

During the winter of 1870-1 the female students were able to comply with the rules of the University by attending four courses of extra-academical lectures given by recognized teachers not being Professors. More than four such courses, however, cannot be so taken; and in the summer of 1871 the female students were obliged to ask the Professors whose classes had next to be attended to provide them with separate instruction. Here no doubt the first difficulty mentioned by our correspondent did come in; the Professors refused. Thereupon Miss Jex-Blake and her companions applied to the Senate either to appoint special University lecturers, whose payment should be guaranteed by the friends of the students, or to allow an increased number of extra-academical classes to count towards the full University course. The Senate took counsel's opinion as to their powers in the matter, and were informed "that not only all the measures suggested were *ultra vires*, but that any step taken towards the graduation of women would be illegal." Here came in our correspondent's second difficulty, the "announcement on high legal authority that the graduation of women was absolutely beyond our powers." But a counter announcement on equally high legal authority was at once obtained by Miss Jex-Blake, so that the most that could be said was that the powers of the University as regards the graduation of women were uncertain. Under these circumstances, a large minority of the General Council was in favour of some exceptional arrangement being made. A motion to the effect

That in the opinion of this Council the University authorities have, by published resolutions, induced women to commence the study of medicine at the University; that these women, having prosecuted their studies to a certain length, are prevented from completing them from want of adequate provision being made for their instruction; that this Council, without again pronouncing any opinion on the advisability of women studying medicine, do represent to the University Court that, after what the Senatus and Court have already done, they are at least bound in honour and justice, to render it possible for those women who have already commenced their studies to complete them,

was rejected by only 107 votes against 97.

Miss Jex-Blake next made a similar application to the University Court, which declared in answer that they could not make any arrangements with a view to graduation, but that, if the

female students would be content with Certificates of Proficiency, the Court would try to meet their views. Miss Jex-Blake declined this offer, on the ground that graduation was indispensable to the practice of medicine as a profession. She then proposed that the question of graduation should be allowed to lie in abeyance, and that the Court should make arrangements under which the female students might continue their studies without the University being in any way pledged as regarded their ultimate right to a degree. The answer of the Secretary of the Court was as follows:—

On the assumption, therefore, that while you at present decline the offer made by the Court with reference to certificates of proficiency, you now ask merely that arrangements should be made for completing the medical education of yourself and the other ladies on behalf of whom you write, I am to state that the Court are quite ready to meet your views. If, therefore, the names of extra-academical teachers of the required medical subjects be submitted by yourself, or by the Senatus, the Court will be prepared to consider the respective fitness of the persons so named to be authorised to hold medical classes for women who have, in this or former sessions, been matriculated students of the University, and also the conditions and regulations under which such classes should be held. It is, however, to be distinctly understood that such arrangements are not to be founded on as implying any right in women to obtain medical degrees, or as conferring any such right upon the students referred to.

In order that there should be no room for mistake as to the meaning of this letter, Miss Jex-Blake then asked whether she was correct in understanding

that though you at present give us no pledge respecting our ultimate graduation, it is your intention to consider the proposed extra-mural courses as "qualifying" for graduation, and that you will take such measures as may be necessary to secure that they will be so accepted, if it is subsequently determined that the University has the power of granting degrees to women.

To this the Secretary replied by pointing out that no extra-academical courses could qualify for graduation "except under a change in the ordinance," and that the Court had already declared "that they cannot even enter upon the expediency of such a change in the ordinance until the legality of female graduation has been determined." We are not surprised that this was regarded by the female students as amounting to a retraction of a concession previously made.

Our correspondent states that there are at present great practical and legal difficulties in the way of medical education for women; and his opinion on these and other points is entitled to the utmost respect. At the same time we cannot help thinking it unfortunate that some exceptional and provisional arrangement could not be made to ensure women who had—under a misconception, it may be, of the University's powers—been allowed to spend much time and money in partially completing their education against possible loss of more time and money while the legal difficulty was in course of solution.

#### WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE Twentieth Annual Winter Exhibition in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, must almost of necessity tread over beaten ground. In times past this Gallery was a vanguard, and led the way to the better knowledge of Continental schools; but, having long made familiar to us on cabinet scale the leading painters of France and of Belgium, absolute novelty combined with exceptional excellence is now almost too much to look for. Still there are ever changes incident to the lapse of time which it is interesting to observe. Some men suffer decline, others move onwards; the ebb and flow of talent, like a tidal wave, never stagnates. Moreover the pioneers and purveyors for the London picture marts extend from time to time their operations into new territories, or among races which hitherto have stood aloof from the art commonwealth of Europe. Sometimes the forgotten Pole comes into sight, occasionally a Hungarian rises to the surface, and as for the Italians and the Spaniards, they have for years past become denizens in the West End of London. What strikes the observer is not only that the supply has proved inexhaustible, but that supply in its turn creates a demand which is equally insatiable. Winter exhibitions are multiplied without end simply because they prove financial successes. It is only International Commissioners at Kensington who can afford to exhibit cartloads of unsaleable pictures for the mere sake of raising the public taste. Other mortals trade with an eye to profit; they select their wares with a view to purchasers; the shop element takes precedence of the educational motive. Happily these pecuniary principles, though not exalted, practically lead to fairly good exhibitions. The danger is that picture purveyors, like lion providers, may pander to low appetites.

Among the English contributions to this so-called "French Gallery" the most startling is a head of Christ (55), by Mr. T. F. Dicksee. Experience seems to teach that the time is past for all such efforts; the divine in the human is beyond the reach of modern art. We do not recall within the present or the last generation any satisfactory figure of the Saviour. Overbeck came nearest to the old spirit and standard; Ary Scheffer had purity, but no power; Horace Vernet sank into common nature; Count D'Orsay, considering all things, did not fail so egregiously as might have been feared. In this last predicament is Mr. Dicksee. It is a comfort to find his performance nothing worse than feeble; it is almost too negative to merit either censure or faint praise. Mr. Long, who stands well for election into the Academy, also fails from the desire to be good over-much. "A Dorcas Meeting

in Rome—Fourth Century of the Christian Era" (58) is a mistake. This painter has hitherto proved himself strong in individual character, and his gypsies are better than his saints. Dorcas and her fellow-milliners are vague shadows and weak sentiments; the painter has but one model for his ideal personages of the "Fourth Century of the Christian Era." The only figures worthy of Mr. Long's antecedents are two mendicants soliciting the clothing which they certainly sadly need. This painter when at his best follows after Murillo, and serves as a fair representative of the late John Phillip. The English school further puts in an insignificant appearance in minor works by Mr. J. Faed, R.A., Mr. Poole, R.A., and Mr. Boughton.

The French school includes M. Frère and M. Duverger—painters too familiar to call for criticism unless guilty of something exceptional. Two of the most vulgar of modern French products obtain, by a strange perversity in the hanging, conspicuous positions. Now that the Bonaparte dynasty—the most corrupt in art ever known—has been happily overthrown, we might have hoped that so empty and flaunting a painter as M. Schlesinger would have been shunted. But here he is again with a fresh impertinence, the "Saucy Paroquet" (93). Immediately below hangs "A Turkish Dancing-Girl" (94), by M. Vernet Lecomte. We can only suppose that, when France took to Republican virtues, these excesses of the Empire were driven to find refuge on our hospitable shores. Yet we are sorry to think that such demonstrative vulgarity can have a market in England. At the opposite end of the room hangs in *vis-à-vis* pale "Ophelia" (17), by M. Bertrand, an artist who ought to be remembered by a lovely conception—Virginia washed by the waves on a pebbly beach. The Ophelia here before us will satisfy the preconceived ideas of but very few of the readers of Shakespeare; and yet this fair-haired beauty, pure as unsunmed snow, is a creature altogether poetic and ideal. The light is silvery, and the surfaces pearly; the figure, though artificial, is eminently refined. Also not to be forgotten is the quiet, simple-minded "Brittany Milk-Girl" (139), by M. Hublin. Yet art of this complexion, content with sentiment, is denied the vigour of naturalism. We are indeed curious to observe what may be the fate of this and other painters, such as M. Bouguereau, under the rude treatment of these revolutionary times. Yet, on the other hand, the chances for the opposition school, under the leadership of M. Courbet—the most ultra of modern *naturalisti*—would seem to be desperate.

The school of the Netherlands is but meagrely represented. The marine painter, M. Clays, once liquid and lucent, now muddles both sea and sky (110). In compensation M. Mesdag, in "Early Morning on the Beach—Schevening" (99), gives us a breezy shore and briny sea; the atmospheric greys are tender and true, and the fishing-boats float on the surface of the waters as if they desired no better elysium than a sandy Dutch shore. M. Stortenbecker is one of several artists who in the Low Countries paint cattle (59) which ought to drive out of the market the wooden carcasses of Mr. Cooper, R.A., and of Mr. Ansdell, R.A.

The most aggressive picture in the Gallery is "Versailles, Oct. 6, 1789" (127), by Herr Benczur, apparently of the school of Professor Piloty in Munich. The composition is conceived and carried out according to the manner—now become the mannerism—of this latest phase of the Bavarian Academy. First of all, a thrilling situation is seized on—a king in consternation, women in hysterics, soldiers bursting in a door; secondly, we have a surprise of light, a halo of colour; then follows a general flutter of draperies; and when a few realistic illusions are thrown in, the picture is deemed complete. The recipe is not amiss, and the present performance, though it fails of historic calm and dignity, is clever and brilliant even to excess.

The Society of French Artists has opened its Fifth Exhibition in New Bond Street. The published names of the Committee indicate a strength much out of proportion to the present somewhat meagre and monotonous collection. The Committee probably is dormant; like other Committees, it has a preponderance of sleeping members. If it were possible to rouse MM. Bida, Brion, Cabanel, Fromentin, Isabey, Pils, and Ziem—all officers or chevaliers of the Legion of Honour—to put out their strength, London would be taken by surprise. The contributions of the other Committeemen, MM. Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and Dupré, are not important. M. Millet alone is adequately represented, yet chiefly by works which we have known for some years. But we do not wish to convey the impression that the collection is without interest. This Gallery has been, and still is, of service in bringing into notice painters whose merits have not been advertised by English dealers. For years past the market has been rigged so as to force up the prices of certain masters, among whom stand conspicuous MM. Meissonnier, Frère, Gérôme, and Madlle. Rosa Bonheur. In Paris, people behind the scenes are amused at the epidemics which from time to time seize on the art world in London. They see that the best men are neglected because not systematically cried up to the skies. The use of this Society of French Artists has been to give importance to such painters as MM. Corot, Dupré, Rousseau, Millet, Diaz, and others, who had in England hitherto enjoyed only a select following among small coteries of artists and connoisseurs. And, indeed, the products now put forward are a little eccentric and abnormal; in other words, they are peculiarly French, not in an immoral sense, like M. Cormon's "Odalisque" (8), now exhibited, but French in waywardness, moodiness, and mannerism. In England, while under the pre-Raphaelite delusion, we were accustomed to sacrifice art to what we presumed to call nature; in France, on the contrary, they were ready to sur-

render nature to art. That is, they despised literal imitation as a task fitted for slaves, while they extolled cleverness, trick, and treatment, and had recourse to bravura, sleight of hand, suggestiveness. So much was sacrificed to unity that not a leaf was permitted to shake on a tree, save according to law; so much in the way of colour was left out for the sake of tone, that sometimes little remained but chalk and water. Often the aspect of this art became dreary and desolate, as absolute a negation of nature as a dull November day. A room thus clothed is the reverse of lively; hence this Gallery has never been as dressy and gay as some of its competitors. In fact, "the Society of French artists" comes before the public dressed in grey; positive colour is seldom permitted, save in some occasional patch of blood required for a murder or a massacre.

M. Millet, once a pupil of Paul Delaroche, is a painter who imbues the plainest materials with mystery and hidden meaning. "Sowing" (72) is a figure of sinister intent; a better name for the picture had been "the enemy who soweth tares." The good husbandman is seen on the verge of the horizon, and the enemy cometh by night with stealthy intent; the onward movement of the figure is fine, nay fiendish; the colour is shaded down to a deep rich monotone. The same subject has been treated by Mr. Millais, R.A., with less imaginative insight. M. Manet is another painter who arrests attention by an individuality which verges on extravagance. "A Lady in Pink" (49) will appear peculiar at least to the uninitiated few. The figure has been made deliberately ugly, because in this school beauty, if not deemed a blot and an obliquity, is accounted a weakness, or a commonplace expedient with which a man of genius can have nothing to do. The victory of art, according to painters of this way of thinking, is to evoke a picture out of the most unpromising materials, to create something out of nothing, to seize the eye and approach the mind by pictorial treatment. In the present instance the idea is a pink dress, and the painter, having once struck this note, keeps to it, playing around the major thought a number of minor variations. Mr. Whistler has this trick. Monotones with some artists have become a monomania; the reiteration of one idea is indeed recognized among mad doctors as a form of insanity. M. Fantin is yet another anomaly; his forte is flowers. "White Stocks" (41) might make us wish that he would stick to the garden and the field; but, with an inconstancy peculiarly French, M. Fantin betakes himself to the painting of "A Few Friends" (22), the portraits of poets and journalists. Genius in France—such as still survives—is painfully erratic; it is by turns prosaic and spasmodic. On one wall we encounter a "Woman and Child Eating Salad" (75), and then round the corner we come upon "St. John" (85) crying aloud in the wilderness "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." M. Humbert, whom we have to thank for this serious and solid study, not unworthy of the best days of sacred art, ought to have a future before him. Near to "St. John" hangs "A Centaur" (80), a realistic study of a bronze statuette by M. Desgoffes, perhaps the greatest painter of still life now in Europe. We need not stop to enumerate the many unknown artists whom war and revolution have driven to seek refuge and reward on our hospitable and golden shores. English collectors, however, have spent a good deal of money on foreigners, and we should like to see them equally prompt and liberal in the recognition of native talent.

The New British Institution opens with two hundred and forty-five oil pictures and water-colour drawings by British and foreign artists. Among the former Mr. Calthrop takes the lead in a brilliant "Tête-à-Tête" (6). Mr. Cave Thomas also obtains distinction by a faithful and unflinching study of his mother (92). There is not a better piece of realistic portraiture now in London, and this we say, though we have just seen in the new library of the Guildhall the head of Mrs. Rose, as elaborated some years since by Mr. Sandys. Among rising men Mr. Sampson deserves to be noticed; "The Jetty" (113) is a capital study of translucent waves tossed by the wind. And among men who are the reverse of rising may be named conspicuously Mr. Ansdell, R.A.; thirty-five years ago Mr. Ansdell painted a curly haired little dog, "On Guard" (123), which, in comparison with his present work, is as light to darkness and as life to death. That the Academy should have deferred the election of the painter till he was at his worst is one of those anomalies which only Academicians can explain.

Mr. Elijah Walton's collection of one hundred and twenty-two oil and water-colour paintings is an improvement on his previous exhibitions; his execution gains in breadth and power, his colour is less crude and chalky; the contrasts between white mists, purple mountains, and red sunset skies are less violent. "The Plain of Thebes" (43) is the most faithful yet poetic transcript we have yet seen of that great historic site. The sandstone rocks excavated with tombs would satisfy the eye of the geologist; the hour chosen is sunrise, when the vocal Memnon was supposed to speak; the scene is in no way changed since the morning, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, when at the same hour we traversed the plain to prove whether the Memnon was vocal or silent. These trustworthy transcripts from sacred and historic lands have great value. Some of the best of the series are in the district of Sinai; the drawing of the mountain peaks is delicate, the atmospheric effects have been studied on the spot. Not so satisfactory are the fruits of a tour in Norway—a country the most tempting, and yet the most unpaintable, in Europe. The midnight sun beguiled M. Boë, a Norwegian artist, into delirious colour; Mr. Walton is scarcely more sober when, at

"The Alten Fjord" (18), he takes to his paint-box at twelve o'clock at night. The natives of the Nile valley, as travellers well know, are capital subjects for the pencil, and we have seldom seen studies from the life more faithful than the heads here exhibited of "An Abyssinian Priest" (15), "An Abyssinian Boy" (20), and "A Nubian" (25). The examination of these collected works again proves Mr. Walton to have certain specialties; one is the geological structure of rocks; another is the form, the light, shade, and colour of vast snow-fields; and a third is atmospheric phenomena. These aspects of nature—"A Sand Storm in the Desert" (2), for example—almost lie beyond the reach of art; hence occasional failure. But Mr. Walton may yet be able to show that scientific exactness is not incompatible with art treatment.

M. Gustave Doré has achieved another triumph; he has painted a religious work—"Christ Leaving the Praetorium"—which attracts daily as many people as an extravaganza at a theatre. The conception is certainly imposing. Christ, crowned with thorns, has left the judgment seat, and descends alone the steep steps which lead to the cross. On either side surge to and fro the clamorous rabble that cry aloud, "Away with Him, crucify Him!" The situation is made all the more scenic by an elevated plateau crowned with an array of classic columns which altogether set at defiance the known topography of the Holy City. The artist throughout has striven for sensational effect through violent contrast of colour, spasmodic action, and low, though powerful, naturalism. Vulgarly, beyond a point permissible in art, has been scarcely escaped in the attempt to depict to the life the hateful faces of revilers and scoffers. And yet there is not in the whole composition a well-studied figure; difficulties are eluded, not overcome, and just at the point when it might be needful to articulate a character accurately, the motley crowd hides the figure from view. The best study is that of the Madonna sinking under sorrow. M. Doré has taken for his exemplar Tintoretto; but savage grandeur and hectic colour are but parodies on the artist who inscribed over the door of his studio in Venice, "the drawing of Michael Angelo with the colouring of Titian." Tintoretto in his great composition, the Crucifixion, maintained repose and dignity, solemnity and reverence; the want of these high qualities excludes M. Doré's daring exploit from the pale of religious art.

## REVIEWS.

### FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.\*

WHEN Mr. Froude writes his third historical work, whatever it be, we shall perhaps learn what set him about writing his second. We know by this time, thanks to a fly-leaf, how the great paradox came into being, and we must, it seems, look to some future fly-leaf to do us the same service by *The English in Ireland*. For the present not a word of preface is vouchsafed to us, and we certainly cannot guess of ourselves what the object of the book is. It is not a History, at least if by a History we are to understand a narrative with some approach to chronological order; for the story is constantly going backwards and forwards; later events are constantly put before earlier ones, till it is only by the dates charitably thrown in here and there that we have any means of guessing with what generation we are dealing. Irish affairs are apt, even without Mr. Froude's help, to look very like an insoluble riddle, but, when Mr. Froude undertook to write about the English in Ireland, we might have thought that it was with some purpose of putting our ideas on Irish matters into some sort of order. It may however be a proof of the influence of the country, of the influence of "Irish ideas" on all who approach them in any way, that Mr. Froude, instead of at all clearing up the riddle, has given us a further riddle in the form of his own book. We are not sure that, if we were to cut out the third book, consisting of ninety pages and containing two chapters headed "Irish Ideas" and "The Smugglers"—in itself one of the best parts of the book—the rest of the volume on each side of it would not present an approach to chronological order. It would still be only an approach—for in the early part of the fourth book the narrative still goes backwards and forwards in a strange way—but there would be an approach to order. As it is, between the years 1719 and 1720 are thrust in a collection of stories of crime and adventure ranging from 1711 to 1754. In the course of these stories, which themselves are arranged in no sort of chronological order, we come across Viceroy and other personages whom we have not yet come to in the regular course of the History, so that, when we come back to the main story in the beginning of the fourth book, winding our way back gradually from 1754 to 1736, and from 1736 to 1720, we have altogether lost our place, and find it hard to take up the thread of the tale again. We read the exploits of Morty O'Sullivan; we are told that Morty O'Sullivan had been in the service of Maria Theresa; from that we are carried back to Wood's halfpence and the Drapier's Letters, and thence further back again to a Popery Bill of 1719. Now we are far from wishing to bind Mr. Froude or any one else to a strictly annalistic method of writing history. The strictly chronological order may often with great advantage be forsaken for the order of subjects. But so to do needs

\* *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vol. I. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

great clearness and great skill in massing facts together. It has been done, as all the world knows, by Gibbon, and it has been done with no small success by Mr. Froude himself, the Irish chapters of whose History were very properly placed by themselves as episodes in the main story. But it is quite another thing, above all in a history the details of which are familiar to very few, to go leaping backwards and forwards in the way in which Mr. Froude does through a great part of this volume. Sometimes, unless he strangely misrepresents his own meaning, he not only leads his reader to forget the dates, but he forgets them himself. In p. 590 he tells us:—

Working on the foundation of the Charter Schools, they carried measures which needed only to have been executed to have swept poverty out of Ireland. In 1715, they passed an Act empowering the ministers and churchwardens in every parish to apprentice children who are found begging to substantial Protestant housekeepers or tradesmen.

He then goes on to speak of other acts by virtue of which

Workhouses were established in Dublin, and afterwards in most other large towns, where the governors were required to take charge of such children, to educate them on the Charter School principles, and afterwards to bind them out.

Now we believe that any human creature reading this paragraph would understand that the Charter Schools were set up at some time before 1715. Mr. Froude's words imply as plainly as any words can imply anything that the Act of 1715 was something which worked on the foundation of the Charter Schools. Any one who opened the book at this page would think so; any one who read through the book, but did not carry every date in his head, would think so also. But in the peculiar arrangement of Mr. Froude's book the Act of 1715 is recorded in page 590, while, if we look back to page 514 we shall there find that the Charter Schools began in the year 1733. The passage therefore which, according to the ordinary use of language, implies that the Act of 1715 worked on the foundation of the Charter Schools must be taken in some non-natural sense which is too subtle for us, and an understanding of which it seems rather hard to expect from his readers in general. We know not how it may be with those who have been able to review Mr. Froude's book almost on the day when its existence was first made known; we can speak only for ourselves, and on our slower understandings Mr. Froude's way of dodging about from one thing to another has simply produced an effect of utter confusion.

We are really disappointed at this, for the Irish chapters of Mr. Froude's former work were undoubtedly its best parts. The subject which he has taken up is indeed surrounded by great difficulties. The opening part of it, which indeed does not come within the letter of Mr. Froude's title-page, but which he feels, as every one must feel, to be really part of his subject—those events of the seventeenth century which made the "English in Ireland in the eighteenth century" possible—have been already dealt with by a hand which neither Mr. Froude nor any one else can hope to rival. It is hardly fair to compare Mr. Froude's summary of the wars of James and William in Ireland with the great narrative of Lord Macaulay. But there the two are, and we cannot help comparing them, whether it be fair or not. Then the time which follows, taken up mainly with the details of Parliamentary doings, and such Parliamentary doings, are just the sort of things to which Mr. Froude can least do justice. Lord Macaulay had such a power of calling up light and order out of utter darkness that it is within the bounds of belief that he might have made something clear and interesting even out of the Acts of an Irish Parliament of Queen Anne or George the First. But it would have taxed even his skill to the utmost to do so. The task would have been specially hard on account of the strange relations in which the Irish Parliament stood both to the local Executive in Ireland and to the sovereign Executive in England. The Irish Parliament was a Legislature whose final legislative power did not go beyond the right of saying *Yea* or *Nay* to Bills sent over to it by the English Privy Council. And besides this the Parliament of England—or, after the Union with Scotland, the Parliament of Great Britain—could, when it pleased, step in and override the Irish Parliament altogether by passing measures which were of legal force in Ireland. But though the Irish Parliament could at the last stage only accept or reject, it could, by a roundabout and backward proceeding, which may perhaps be thought to be thoroughly Irish, debate and amend measures at an earlier stage—that is to say, it discussed the heads of Bills which were to go to England and thence to come back to Ireland for final acceptance or rejection. We believe we have stated the case rightly, but the process is so complicated and confusing, that we do not feel at all sure that we have. Lord Macaulay, if anybody, could have brought order out of such a chaos, and he would most likely have helped us to some personal portraits by the way. But in Mr. Froude's hands all these Parliamentary matters are told in a way which we are sure can convey no idea to any one who never heard of them before, and which even to those who fancy that they know some little about them is very confused and puzzling. Of course when Mr. Froude gets to a popular controversy like that of Wood's halfpence, he does far better, and he is altogether himself in telling the wild tales of Irish crime which he has thrust into the middle of the book. But with purely Parliamentary matters Mr. Froude never can get on. It is not likely that he should get on, when he seems so absolutely incapable of understanding the commonest terms of Parliamentary law. To this day—certainly not through our fault—Mr. Froude plainly does not know what is meant by a Bill of Attainder. He

still at this time of day fails on the old touchstone of Strafford. He tells us that "he was impeached, tried for treason, and executed." If Mr. Froude does not think that Strafford was executed as the result of a trial for treason, he does great injustice to his own meaning. So when he comes to the great Act of Attainder passed by James the Second's Parliament in 1689, he seems to look upon it as simply an Act for forfeiture of lands:—

There remained to be recovered the forfeitures from the Elizabethan wars and the six counties of the Ulster settlement. The process taken upon these was as complete as it was summary. Almost all the leading Protestants in Ireland were comprehended by name in one sweeping act of attainder. Two thousand six hundred landowners, commencing with the Archbishop of Dublin and the Duke of Ormond, were declared guilty of adherence to the Prince of Orange, and to have forfeited their estates by treason.

If Mr. Froude had as much as turned to Lord Macaulay, he would have found out that all these people were, as the word attainder of course implies, in peril, not only of their estates, but of their lives. It was this which formed the special wickedness of the thing; mere confiscation would in Ireland have been nothing wonderful. In another place Mr. Froude tells us that "Sir Charles Porter and Lord Coningsby were actually impeached" in the English Parliament, and directly after that "the Commons decided that there was not matter to sustain a charge of treason; but both his (Coningsby) conduct and Porter's were censured as illegal and arbitrary." Some way on we read that "the impeachment in England had failed." Now it would be quite true to say that the impeachment of Strafford failed, but Coningsby and Porter were never impeached at all. What Mr. Froude really means by this strange way of telling his story is that a motion was made for the impeachment of Coningsby and Porter, but that the motion was not carried, and so no impeachment followed. It is clear that Mr. Froude does not know the meaning of either of the words "impeachment" or "attainder."

We have said that we cannot make out what is Mr. Froude's object in the book. We began it with a kind of dreamy notion that he was going to show that Ireland had no grievances, that the policy of England towards Ireland had always been exactly what it ought to have been, that confiscations, penal laws, Drogheda and Wexford massacres, "Papist, five pounds for your horse," and the whole train of ideas summed up in the words "Protestant Ascendancy," were all the dictates of perfect righteousness. Some passages look as if Mr. Froude thought so. His fanatical hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, and of all that belongs to it, the lurking desire to burn or boil somebody, if he could only quite make up his mind whom to burn or boil, which still lingers on from the blissful days of good King Harry, the open idolatry of force—provided it is not a Papist who betakes himself to force—the constant revilings of anything like "concession" to the conquered people, all look that way. But Mr. Froude's passions are kept in balance by one another. Bitterly as he hates the Roman Church, his hatred of the Anglican Church is bitter still. No one will suspect us of defending the Irish Protestant Establishment as an institution. We believe that no institution was ever more unjust in itself, that none ever more utterly failed to fulfil the objects which alone could have justified its existence. But it is plain that Mr. Froude hates it, not simply for reasons of this kind, but because it is a branch of the object of his more bitter hatred, the Church of England. This feeling shows itself in trifles as well as in great matters. It is plainly not without a motive, it is plainly with intense delight, that Mr. Froude over and over again drags in the name of Jeremy Taylor to be scouted and jeered at. Let any wrong acts of Jeremy Taylor, as of any other man, be fairly stated, and, if need be, judicially condemned. But it is another thing to bring in his name to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, evidently, and indeed avowedly, because his name is one of those which are most cherished by the religious body which Mr. Froude most hates. In fact, Mr. Froude gives us no real justification of anybody, except in the most indirect way. In his picture, the native Irish, the English colonists in Ireland, the English Government at home, all treat one another in such a way that if we cannot exactly justify, we certainly cannot wonder at any of them doing anything to any of the others by way of retaliation. If there is anything to choose, it is certainly the home Government which comes out the worst of the three. The only people whom Mr. Froude lets off are Cromwell and his settlers, and any who, either before or after them, walked in the same ways. For them Mr. Froude has an unreserved admiration. But the time during which Ireland was ruled according to Cromwell's principles forms so small a part of the long story of the dealings of England with Ireland, and Mr. Froude is so severe—most justly severe—on the dealings of the English Government with Ireland at nearly every other time, that the book cannot be meant as a defence of English policy towards Ireland. Is the book then simply a reviling—to a great extent, we allow, a perfectly just reviling—of Ireland and most of its inhabitants, without distinction of race, speech, or creed? But one can hardly conceive any adequate motive for putting out a book simply to revile Ireland. Or is it then that Mr. Froude has turned philosopher, and has some deep thoughts to put forth about government, its origin, and its purposes? The opening chapter and some other parts of the book look very like this. But Mr. Froude's philosophy of government does not seem to go much deeper than the philosophy of the Platonic *Thrasymachos*—the doctrine that the stronger has a right to knock down the weaker, a doctrine which has certainly been very impartially acted on by all

the various inhabitants of Ireland in all ages. Mr. Froude begins with some deep reflections on the "natural right to liberty" both in nations and in individuals; and we then get these two settings forth of the same dogma:—

On the whole, and as a rule, superior strength is the equivalent of superior merit.

The superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings.

We are not perfectly clear what is meant by "the right to be governed," a phrase which it strikes us Mr. Froude must have picked up in Ireland itself, as it reminds us of the traditional story of the man whose plea for his life was that he had no right to be hanged. It is plain that in all these sayings there is just enough of truth to make their falsehood dangerous. But in another place Mr. Froude puts forth his doctrines in a still grander and more systematic shape:—

There are four systems under which a dependent people may be held together under the forms of a coherent society.

They may be governed wisely and firmly under a rule impartially just, by the laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world.

They may be governed, without justice, by superior force, which considers nothing but its own will.

They may be left to govern themselves according to such ideas as to the majority of them seem good, authority claiming nothing but political allegiance, and maintaining a police to repress the grosser form of crimes.

And, lastly, they may be "managed" by adroit handling, the internal factions being played off one against the other; while the central authority prevents violent collisions, maintains a general equipoise, and dissolves dangerous combinations by "corruption" and influence.

We do not see why these four systems apply more to a dependent people than to any political community of any other kind, and Mr. Froude does not touch on the question whether there ought to be such a thing as a dependent people at all. But he tells us that, of these four systems, the first, second, and fourth have all been tried by England towards Ireland. The first was tried only during the golden days of Cromwell. The third, he tells us, could not be tried

in a country where nine-tenths of the land had been taken violently from the old proprietors, whose crime had been to challenge for Ireland her right to her own laws and her own creed.

These words, if we took them by themselves, might be taken for the words of a native Irish patriot. Some might take them to be the condemnation of all English policy towards Ireland, the policy of Cromwell among the others. In Mr. Froude's mouth it is to be supposed that they mean something else. In a philosophy which rests solely on the right of the stronger, for Ireland—Ireland being the weaker—to assert her right to her own laws and her own creed may very likely be a crime.

These are the impressions, somewhat chaotic impressions certainly, which we have got from Mr. Froude's volume as a whole. We hope in another article to examine some particular parts of it more in detail.

#### NICHOL'S HANNIBAL.\*

ONE of those strange undercurrents to which the literary, not less than the political or social, world is accustomed seems at the present time to be reviving a widespread interest in the chief figures and incidents of the Punic Wars. Reasons might be given which help to explain the phenomenon; of its existence there can be no doubt, and its traces are becoming more frequent in imaginative as well as in historical literature. The drama before us, though obviously the result of long and sustained occupation with its subject, is therefore happily timed in the date of its publication. Its author, Professor Nichol, for many years honourably known in the two Universities with which he is connected, has in one sense at least succeeded in realizing the wish which the Sophoclean hero bequeathed to his son. He is "happier" than his distinguished father, to whose memory he dedicates this poem, in that he has found an opportunity of displaying his original imaginative power in an original imaginative work; "otherwise" he is "like him," fearless in the expression of opinion even where it dwells in extremes, and evidently endowed by nature with the same kindling enthusiasm which made the late Professor Nichol one of the most popular Scottish teachers of his age. With these characteristics the poem before us combines in no ordinary degree that of firmness and workmanship. There is as little that is spurious about the historical bottom of Mr. Nichol's argument, as there is of hollowness in the ring of his verse. Of both it may be said *solidum crepant*: although there are traces of effort in the arrangement of the fable, as there are occasional affectations in diction and versification, above all in an excessive and not always perfectly legitimate use of alliteration. But these faults are incidental only; and we have done with the spurious element proper in this volume when we have absolved the author for prefixing to his poem as a frontispiece a pleasing photograph of the "bust of Hannibal" in the Naples Museum, in the claims of which a poet—but nobody except a poet—has a right to believe.

It would certainly be a puny poetic imagination which,

\* *Hannibal: a Historical Drama.* By John Nichol, B.A. Oxon, Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: James Maclehose. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

following the commonplace precedent of the Roman satirist, should discover in the character and career of Hannibal nothing but a text for another evolution of the well-worn moral, that the end of all human ambition is dust and ashes, nothing but materials for a new "declamation" on the futility of individual effort to mould the destinies of the world. To a finer insight the historic figure of Hannibal, the great outlines of which Roman mendacity has not succeeded in bringing posterity to misread, teaches a more significant truth than this. It is not only that, as the Greek historian Silanus is made to say at the close of Mr. Nichol's play—

When ONE against a NATION plays his life,  
He bears from hosts the glory of the strife—

in other words that the glory of the great war which virtually decided the struggle between Rome and Carthage belongs to the one man to whom his city impotently surrendered the responsibility of the prosecution and maintenance of what should have been a national effort; while to Rome belongs only the lesser glory of having, as a people, conquered a man. The moral is rather that a State which a Hannibal could not lead to victory deserved to fall. Not only therefore is Hannibal in every sense the hero of the Punic Wars, but his endeavour is their real central action, and his failure is their proper catastrophe. What came before him was only a preparation for the central effort; what came after the collapse was only a reminiscence of it; as prefigured in Hamilcar and Hasdrubal, as surviving in his own later efforts and in the hopeless resistance of the last Libyan struggle, the Hannibal of the great Italian campaign concentrates upon himself and upon his attempt the main dramatic interest of the conflicts of four generations. And while the historian is careful to point out how the contest was one between physical as well as moral forces, between races and religions, between form of government doomed to decay when extended in its sphere and another drawing strength from the broadening of its basis, as well as between a man and a State; while he may judge that it was as impossible for a Hannibal to save Carthage as it was for a Varro to ruin Rome—the dramatic poet is in this instance pre-eminently justified in claiming sympathy with the man and his deed as the pivot upon which to move the interest of his hearers or readers.

But in dealing with such a theme it becomes necessary for the dramatist, in a far higher degree than for any other literary artist, to fix the limits within which (for such are the exigencies of the dramatic art) he can secure to it transparent unity and assure to it immediate effectiveness. That the outlines of the history of the Punic Wars, and of the career of Hannibal himself, are familiar ground to most educated readers would be no excuse for arbitrarily selecting a more or less striking portion of them for dramatic treatment, unless the writer's object were the modest (and probably useless) object of producing a poetic commentary or fragment of a poetic chronicle in dialogue form; or, on the other hand, that of developing a "strong situation" of history into the telling stage-play of a season. Cibber, e.g., seized upon the story of Perolla, which Mr. Nichol has introduced as an incident, and made a play out of it, just as other playwrights pounced with unerring aim upon the anecdotes of Scipio and Sophonisa. Mr. Nichol, unless (of which there is no outward sign in this volume) it should be his intention to add a second part to this drama, which would convert the whole into an actual tragedy, has foregone the natural temptation towards a conclusion at first sight incomparably more striking than that which he has chosen in order to secure unity to his play. It ends with the Metaurus; and the head of Hasdrubal, not the fatal ring of Hannibal, constitutes in the language of the stage, the final "sensation" of the drama. As it closes with what we may consent to accept as the catastrophe of Hannibal's offensive campaign against Rome, so it begins with the opening of that campaign, Hannibal assuming the command after the murder of Hasdrubal, and marshalling the army of the Alps on the banks of the Iberus. The Prologue is strictly within the limits of this conception; it introduces us to the ideas of the Barcidæ, to the projects of Hamilcar which formed the basis of the achievements of Hannibal, to the obstacles which beset father and son alike in their single-minded endeavour, and to the voluntary devotion of the son, under his father's eyes, to the task of his life.

Mr. Nichol has, then, in our opinion shown true judgment in his choice of those limits within which there was both room enough to unfold an action essentially one, and full opportunity for as wide a variety of episode as the most mobile imagination could desire to introduce. He has failed neither in preserving the unity of his conception nor in displaying the variety of his power of execution. But he is, we think, less successful in the organic preparation of what he has judiciously chosen as his catastrophe. Here history was able to supply only an insufficient aid to the dramatist. Historically, the main cause of Hannibal's ultimate failure undoubtedly lay in the unwillingness of the ruling party at Carthage to furnish him with the necessary means for completing his task. This cause is repeatedly and effectively illustrated in the course of the drama; indeed Mr. Nichol has, with considerable subtlety, contrived a climax for its operation in the interference of Hannibal, resulting in the intrigue which brings about the treason of Mutines. Yet he might have shown with greater incisiveness and force that the coming of Hasdrubal was (for such is the fundamental conception of the drama) in reality Hannibal's last chance for wreaking full vengeance upon Rome. Whether it was histo-

rically such may be doubtful. Dramatically Mr. Nichol must mean it to be accepted as such; or he would neither have constructed the play as it stands, nor worded as he has worded the concluding speech of his hero—a speech not of despair nor even of flinching, but which, as it were, admits that one great cast has been lost, though another may be tried, since

the slow years

Foam with the tide of unexpected change.

And thus the danger arises that the popular view—long discarded by historians, and not, as we are bound to say Mr. Nichol on occasion emphatically shows, shared by himself—which attributes Hannibal's failure to "Capua," should assert itself in careless readers of the poem, as it would still more irrepressibly assert itself in spectators of the drama as an acted play. With the view doubtless of adding human interest to the character of his Hannibal, and poetically illustrating a side of the character of the historical hero which undoubtedly belonged to it—with the view also, it may be surmised, of giving variety to the course of the play, and bringing into clear contrast types of character which intensify its hold upon the imaginative capacities of the reader—Mr. Nichol has assigned to the Capuan episode (which, according to the general conception of the drama, should be not more than an episode) the main part of two acts. And these acts are the third and the fourth, upon which, according to a rule which rarely fails, the height of the interest of a reader or spectator must concentrate itself. Accordingly, the Capuan scenes, though in some respects among the most brilliant of Mr. Nichol's drama, in a sense interfere with its balance.

In general, however, the execution of Mr. Nichol's plan has the merit of evenness, and, we unhesitatingly add, of the evenness of excellence. It is not as historical students that we are primarily called upon to follow his management and grouping of the complicated details of Hannibal's campaign, or to watch his close and scholarly attention to historical topography, vivified by the fresh observation of the traveller, not harmonized by the poet's instinct for the picturesque. But those will not be the least ready to be stirred by the living vigour of the finest scenes of *Hannibal* who are able to appreciate the mastery over his materials which the author exhibits. We have but little space for quotations, and would rather refer our readers to such episodes as that of the narrative of the crossing of the Alps, the whole dramatic development (admirably spirited as well as accurate) of the battle of Lake Thrasymene, and the striking scene on the south shore of Avernum, as illustrative of Mr. Nichol's command of detail. He nowhere, moreover, displays a desire to introduce it for its own sake, or suffers it to clog the rapid action of his drama. With singular felicity he resorts to the aid of picturesque illustration, especially in the passages which prepare by their solemn calm for a momentous incident, for a tempestuous stroke, for a decisive action. Already in the Prologue there is an instance of this in the fine dialogue between Hamilcar and Hasdrubal which precedes the oath of Hannibal. Many such passages occur in the course of the play; but hardly any, we think, equals the dialogue between Hannibal and Fulvia, the Roman maiden who, remaining in Capua, wavers, but only for a time, between her love for her native city and her more potent love for its conquering foe. We do injustice to this very beautiful scene by quoting only a passage from it. It is part of her description to Hannibal—lingering before he shall fall as a destroyer upon them—of the glories of the Roman hills:—

*Hannibal.* Lead the way  
To thy most frequent haunt, for I would fain  
My fancy wandered where thy steps have been.

*Fulvia.* We pass the dripping gate, and steal aside  
O'er grassy hillocks, by the Muse's fane,  
Then dip into the vale: a mossy grot,  
Where Almo's rivulet flows through ilices,  
Invites us with cool shelter and sweet sounds  
Of trickling waters and of summer birds;  
It is Egeria's fountain, where the breeze  
Whispers the solitary dream of peace  
In all our noisy annals. Oft-times here  
Have I played truant at forbidden hours,  
While sunshine lingered loath to leave the scene,  
And, gathering roses, wreathed them for the brows  
Of some descending God.

*Hannibal.* And if he came,  
As Mars to Sylvia, with the clang of arms  
Wouldst thou receive him?

*Fulvia.* If he loved me well.  
*Hannibal.* Fulvia, what calls thee back? Thou hast  
no love

In' all that marble [?] Rome. My father calls.

On the character of Fulvia the author has evidently dwelt with special kindness; and this is natural enough, since her at least he does not owe either to Livy or to Polybius. As it was necessary to show Hannibal in his softer mood, as it was impossible to bring over the excellent Imilce from Spain for the purpose, and as it would have been incompatible with the dignity of the situation to interpret the scandal of Pliny, still more that of Lucian, too literally, the invention of the character of the faithless Vestal but faithful mistress was not only justifiable, but in a manner necessary. That she should be a Roman is in accordance with dramatic precedent, if not with historical probability; to make her the daughter of Q. Fulvius was a felicitous invention of the author himself. For Fulvius was, as Mr. Nichol reminds us in a characteristic note, one "whose atrocities permit us, over cen-

turies, to hate his memory." But though we allow the type represented in Fulvia to be both dramatically legitimate and morally possible, we regret that Mr. Nichol should not have left passion to tell its own tale, without putting his heroine so repeatedly on her defence, and causing even Hannibal to excuse himself (Act iii. sc. 5), more politely than ingenuously, to the conjugal claims of the absent Imilce. The oddly-named Marcia, too, Fulvia's correcter sister, who visits her at Capua with a budget of news in the one hand and a father's curse in the other, should have more distinctly represented a type either of what Fulvia should have been or of what she should not have been; as it is, Marcia is neither an aid to virtue nor an argument for liberty.

Fulvia is of course constituted the central figure in the closing scene of the Capuan episode. A stronger device than that of her substituting herself for Calavia might have heightened the mysterious character of the apparition of the veiled figure; but even so it intensifies the force of the situation, which is that of the suicide of the Capuan knights at their farewell banquet. Fortunately, every reader of Roman history is acquainted with the story which Mr. Nichol has so legitimately and so felicitously converted into the most striking scene of his play, and there is no fear of his being charged with plagiarism from Victor Hugo. We can only extract, as a specimen of the lyrics which Mr. Nichol has prodigiously scattered through his drama—and many of which are perfect of their kind—the song of the Capuan Senators in honour of their city, doomed like themselves to destruction:—

First of old of Oscar towns!  
Prize of triumphs, pearl of crowns;  
Half a thousand years have fled,  
Since arose thy royal head,

Splendour of the Lucumoes.

Tuscan fortress, doomed to feel  
Sharpest edge of Samnite steel,  
Flashing down the Liris tide;  
Re-arisen, in richer pride,

Cynosure of Italy!

Let the Gaurian echoes say  
How, with Rome, we ruled the fray;  
Till the fatal field was won  
By the chief who slew his son,

'Neath the vines of Vesulus.

Siren city, where the plain  
Glitters twice with golden grain,  
Twice the bowers of roses blow,  
Twice the grapes and olives flow;

Thou wilt chain the conqueror,  
Home of war-subduing eyes,  
Shining under softest skies,  
Gleaming to the silver sea,

Liber, Venus strive for thee,

Empress of Ausonia!

Glorious in thy martial bloom,  
Glorious still in storm and gloom,  
We thy chiefs who dare to die,  
Raise again thy battle cry,—

Charge with Capuan chivalry!

In conclusion, we should have liked to dwell on the vigorous touches by which the dramatist distinguishes each member of his Roman and Carthaginian groups; above all, of the latter. If we can, with the aid of Heeren or Mommsen, picture to ourselves the Carthaginian army in its variegated composition, it required the instinct of a true dramatic poet to individualize the figures of the leaders, of whom, except Hannibal himself, perhaps Mahaibal alone can be said to have a personal being in history. The character of Malcus, the commissioner spy, is admirably devised in itself, as illustrative of the Carthaginian system of encouraging the generals of the State by watching them, and as facilitating the action of the drama. Mutines, again, the Isolani of the Punic camp, the favourite of the light damsels of Salapin, and finally a traitor in spite of himself, is conceived in a true dramatic vein; and his songs alone are an element of vivacity in the play. In short, by contrast in his own camp with his countrymen at home, and with his enemies in Senate-house and on the battle-field, the author has laboured most successfully towards his main object, the presentation, in its towering dignity of individual and self-contained greatness, of a figure of Hannibal himself. That figure he brings before us under every aspect which historical tradition warrants, rightly judging that here it was the poet's duty to be the interpreter rather than the discoverer. How little in the case of true greatness interested falsehood, however persistent, will prevail against the candid judgment of posterity, is proved by the fact that the fame of Hannibal is the inheritance of generations strange to every element in his nationality; and were this fact doubtful, it would receive a new confirmation from the circumstance that, after the lapse of many centuries, an English poet is found paying to the great Carthaginian the worthiest poetical tribute which has as yet, to our knowledge, been offered to his noble and stainless name.

#### ABOUT'S SOCIAL ECONOMY.\*

THIS is a translation of the brilliant little book in which T. M. About sought to explain the A B C of Political Economy to the French people. In spite of the International Society there is still enough difference between the working classes of England and

\* *Handbook of Social Economy.* By E. About. London: Strahan & Co. 1872.

of France to deprive some of M. About's reasonings of much of their point when adapted for English readers. Few Englishmen, for example, require to have the disadvantages of Protection expounded at length. M. About's chapter on Liberty—which here means liberty of commerce—is, however, so lively and well put that it may be worth reading: especially as we cannot flatter ourselves that the sophistries which lie at the base of the protective doctrines have been finally dispersed, though Free-trade has in name become the object of an almost superstitious reverence. M. About's exhibition of the fallacies involved may be compared to Bastiat's *Sophismes économiques*, and shows in the same degree, though on a smaller scale, the characteristic logical neatness of all good French writing. The chapter on Money, again, deals in part with a state of opinion which has long disappeared amongst us. M. About says that he remembers the time when tradesmen feared to pay a bill in gold coin. It would have been said that such a man had got to the bottom of his bag and was bringing up bile. The remark forcibly describes those hoarding tendencies of the French people which, for good or for evil, have long been unknown in England. In spite, however, of the foreign character of his book in these and some more important respects, M. About's work deserves to be read in England. It is as lively as everything which he writes, and goes some way to justify the rather hyperbolic statement of his English sponsor, that he could make the multiplication-table as amusing as a fairy tale. On the whole, too, he is not only amusing, but clear, useful, and sound. Indeed we are half inclined to say that his principal fault is that he possesses these qualities in excess. Clearness is too often purchased by passing lightly over real difficulties; soundness in political economy often signifies an implicit adherence to formulas which hold true only so long as we admit certain hypotheses of a more or less empirical character; and usefulness implies a disposition to take an unduly optimistic view of the present state of affairs. It is only too tempting to give the shortest answer to some of the crude complaints of discontented classes; and to forget that, although they may feel themselves to have been logically defeated, they may be driven into deeper discontent with the principles which have been applied to their confutation. The visionary dreams which have been put forward at different times by revolutionary schemers have done mischief enough; it would perhaps be extravagant to add that almost equal mischief has been done by the complacent demonstrations of comfortable people that whatever is right. Yet, if such well-meant exhortations have not been the originating causes of bad feeling, they have at least contributed to embitter what bad feeling already existed. You may prove as beautifully as possible to a starving man that his starvation serves him right; but though he cannot answer you, he certainly will not love you the better for your logic. M. About disavows excessive optimism in terms; but his practical advice has a tinge of the weakness he condemns. The book was written before the late calamities in France, and perhaps he is not now so clearly convinced as formerly that Socialism delivered its last blow in 1848, that it is not only conquered, but disarmed; and that if the problem of universal well-being is not yet solved, it is sensibly proposed. Neither would he perhaps speak so confidently of the wisdom of the Empire, and hold, to use his own language, that the clock of the Tuilleries was decidedly faster than that of the country. On the particular point alleged—namely, the introduction of Free-trade—the statement is doubtless correct; and we may regret that poor M. Thiers has had to put back the hands under stress of circumstances. But in a wider sense M. About apparently holds that the Empire did its whole duty when it removed restraints on trade, and allowed everybody to get rich as fast as he pleased. A little more was required, as we can all see plainly enough now, to extirpate the deeply-rooted causes of social danger. We may add that, if a Frenchman is justified in preaching the gospel of *laissez-faire* with rather excessive zeal as a protest against the most conspicuous faults of his country, the doctrine requires a little correction before it can be applied to Englishmen, who have more probably erred in the opposite direction.

Let us take one or two of M. About's main doctrines, and consider briefly how far they are true, and, if true, how far they are a sufficient answer to the sophistries which they are intended to meet. People complain, or used to complain, says M. About, that fine clothes should be worn by men who can't sew, and that a poor diamond-cutter should not have a diamond ring to put on his finger on a Sunday. This, says M. About, will appear to be idle declamation as soon as we take into account that all useful things properly belong to the producer or to his assigns; that to obtain a portion of them, equal value must be given in exchange; and, finally, that the value of labour is proportioned to the quantity of utility produced. Hence, argues M. About, "the workman is entitled to the whole surplus which he himself has added to things," but to no more. If each of the hundred persons whose labour has gone to making a coat insisted on taking the whole of it—the farmer because it was his wool, the tailor because it was his stitching, and so on—it is plain that ninety-nine of the hundred would be injured. Now the poor diamond-cutter has added only the polish, and therefore can claim only the price of the added value. M. About has certainly confuted a preposterous sophistry; and the only objection is that it is so preposterous in this form that it can seldom have imposed upon anybody. And yet M. About seems to be making a rather questionable reply. If, as he apparently admits, the diamond-cutter has a right to the whole increment of value, what is to become of the diamond-merchant?

The principle is very pretty; but it is very loosely stated. Diamond-cutters have not often the courage to claim the whole price of the diamond; but they do claim a larger share of the capitalist's profits; and, if we took M. About's words literally in this passage, he would seem to admit that they had a right to all the profits. Of course that is not his meaning, but the language seems to imply that he has not a very distinct grasp of the principles which regulate wages. Capitalists have certainly no complaint to make of his general tendency. He labours to prove that they have a good right to make their own terms, and that the increase of wealth is a public benefit. Two truths, he says, are equally certain; the first, that all men without exception have a personal interest in instructing other men; the second, that all men without exception are personally interested in enriching other men. With certain qualifications this is very true, and M. About puts the argument very clearly. An increase in the wealth of our neighbours will, in a variety of ways, be useful to us; there will be a greater demand for our labour, and the greater the quantity of any useful article in the world, the cheaper, *ceteris paribus*, it will be. But this does not quite settle the point. "The richer the great community of men becomes," says M. About, "the more useful things will the individual procure in return for his daily labour." If the increase of wealth is equally distributed, this is obvious; but if we suppose that wealth accumulates in some classes and diminishes in others, and that, in the common phrase, the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, an increase in the total amount of wealth in the world may not be so satisfactory to individuals. In short, it is a pleasant thing very often to have a rich neighbour, but it is not so pleasant when he is growing rich at our expense. M. About admits that this inequality is an evil to be deplored. Indeed he illustrates its evils by the rather singular statement that population tends to decrease in countries where the disproportion between fortunes is enormous. We scarcely understand how he could make such an assertion in face of the contrast between England and France. Not only does the French population increase more slowly, but there are obvious reasons why the slow rate of increase should be connected with the wide distribution of property. M. About's explanation of the supposed phenomenon does not seem to be very happy; but we need not dwell upon the mode of explaining how things happen which do not happen. M. About is at all events bound to admit that a growth of wealth may not be altogether matter for congratulation if it implies a growing disproportion of fortunes. And, if so, we cannot be called upon to rejoice without reserve because our neighbours are growing rich.

The Socialists whom M. About is confuting have, after all, legitimate foundation for their complaints; for M. About himself admits at least the possible existence of the evils which Socialists allege. How, then, are they to be met? It might be shown that the measures by which they propose to remedy existing evils would produce more harm than good; and it need not be said that there are abundant materials for such an argument. To make the answer complete, it would be also desirable to point out the direction in which we should seek for a more satisfactory solution of the difficult problems before us. M. About makes various acute and neatly expressed, but not very encouraging, remarks upon these topics. He has little belief in any of the various co-operative schemes, though he wishes them well; yet, on the other hand, he speaks in extravagant terms of the "Society of the Prince Imperial" for advancing loans to the poor, and seems to think that it effects a revolution in principle. We know not what may be the present state of that Society, but we fear that it has not worked a revolution in fact. Beyond this, however, and some general remarks as to the advantages of economy, education, and life assurance, M. About has not very much to tell us. What then is the final answer which he offers to the Socialist discontented with the existing order, and having, as it would seem, little prospect of an encouraging kind? It apparently comes to a metaphysical assertion about the origin of property. "The right of property," he tells us, "is absolute"; and he goes on to show in the usual way that, as all capital is the result of saving, the man who has created it by his abstinence has a right to do with it as he pleases, and to hand it on to his children, who may do the same. "It is as monstrous to strip a man of his savings as to reduce him to slavery"; and equally monstrous, it is assumed, to strip anybody of the savings which he has acquired by inheritance, or, it may be, by clever speculation. M. About immediately proceeds to confute the foolish people who maintain that landed property is theft because it had its origin in force and fraud. We quite agree with his refutation, but the argument might be turned against him by the Socialist. If the bad origin of some property does not affect the present proprietors, neither should the good origin of other property. A peasant should not lose his field because his remote ancestor took it by force; nor should a rich man keep his capital because his ancestor acquired it by virtuous frugality. The real justification of private property is that it is a practically useful institution; prove that, and you have proved everything; but if it is a bad thing, then the sooner we free ourselves from superstitions about inalienable and inherent rights the better. When, therefore, M. About appeals to the principle that property is absolute, he should remember that he is arguing with people who, by the hypothesis, say that it ought not to be absolute. They are painfully conscious that there is much misery in the world; they

believe, and M. About's concessions tend to sanction their belief, that it is owing to the unequal distribution of property; and when they propose to remedy this evil by summary measures, they are met by an assertion of absolute right. Frenchmen by the habit of their minds are generally more accessible than Englishmen to such arguments; and yet we fear that they would be apt, if this were all, to leave the abstract rights to shift for themselves, and try to abate the nuisance by good means or bad. Moreover, it is terribly easy when you come to such arguments to invent as many other rights and implied social contracts as you please to upset the law thus laid down. M. About's argument is too much like an assertion that private property has a great many advantages and some evils, but that at any rate property is property, and must be treated with absolute respect whether good or bad. We agree in his practical conclusion upon this point; but we are all the more desirous that it should be clearly based on considerations of utility, and not on these treacherous grounds of legal metaphysics. Most of his remarks, indeed, may be interpreted in this sense, and are thoroughly sensible and to the point; but the tendency which we have described runs through them, and goes to vitiate some of his arguments.

## PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.\*

OF the two books now before us, both bearing the same title, one is a philological treatise in which the whole history of the dialect now known as Pennsylvania Dutch is laid before us, and the dialect in its present state carefully dissected and examined. This treatise comes to us recommended by a preface from the pen of Mr. A. J. Ellis, who has lately had so much to say on the matter of English pronunciation, and is written by Mr. Haldeman, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania. The other is a reprint of papers which have already appeared in various journals, and has more to say about the customs and manners of the people than about the language they speak. Both books, however, though as unlike as possible in tone, character, and style, bring home to us very forcibly the fact that, in spite of all the efforts of philologists for some time past, people on the other side of the Atlantic are quite as mystic as our own countrymen as to the wider meaning of the word *Dutch*. Here in the old country we have been drifting further and further away from a right understanding thereof. A century ago people did not hesitate to talk of High Dutch as the language spoken in central Europe. Guthrie put it down as such in his *Geographical Grammar*, and no one thought of disbelieving him. But now we find a Professor of Philology despair of being understood unless he paraphrases Pennsylvania Dutch into "A dialect of South German with an infusion of English." This greets us on the title-page, and, before we have turned over many pages, we come to "Pennsylvania Dutch (so-called because Germans call themselves *Deutsch*)."<sup>1</sup> And the following delightful note makes a still greater confusion out of a very simple matter:—

In an article on (the) "Pennsylvania Dutch" in the "Atlantic Monthly" (Boston, Mass., Oct., 1869, p. 473), it is asserted that "the tongue which these people speak is not German, nor do they expect you to call it so." On the contrary, the language is strictly a German dialect, as these pages prove. The mistake has arisen from the popular confusion between the terms *Dutch* and *German*, which are synonymous with many. In Albany (New York) they speak of the *Double Dutch Church*, which seems to have been formed by the fusion of a "German Reformed" with a "Dutch Reformed" congregation. These are different denominations, now greatly anglicised.

What can this *Double Dutch Church* be? Does the *Double* apply to the ministers, and do two hold forth at once? or is it to the congregation, into which no spinsters or bachelors are admitted? We remember an old song about an absent man who had posted himself instead of his letter, which tells us

He never found out he had got into trouble  
Till they asked him whether he was single or double.

Some such risk, we fear, would be run by the unwary who ventured into this strange place of worship without being thoroughly posted up in the technical terms in use there. And the doctrine of this *Double Church*, what is it? Both High and Low at once perhaps, to say nothing of a dash of Broad.

Both authors seem to be alike convinced that their countrymen by the word *Dutch* mean wholly and solely the *Mynheers* of the Northern Netherlands, their speech and all other things pertaining to them, such as cheese, carpeting, tiles, bulbs, and the like. Not once therefore nor twice, but half-a-dozen times, do they explain that this "Pennsylvanisch Deitsch" of which they treat is a dialect of *German*, though "the people who speak it call it and themselves *Dutch*."<sup>2</sup> Surely if the Dutch origin of some of the States be taken into account, to say nothing of the relays from *Dutchland* always going over, we might have hoped that such explanations were needless. Who then are these *Dutchmen* who know their own name if nobody else does? who, in spite of all the efforts of their neighbours to prove it otherwise, stick to it that every place where "die Deutsche Zunge klingt" comes within the limit of the *Dutchman's Fatherland*? Whence came they, and why should their speech be such a puzzle to the Yankees round them? As for the people, they seem to be for the most part of *Swabian* descent, children of the *Anabaptist* exiles, bitterly persecuted by Protestants

and Papists alike, who went forth in the seventeenth century across the sea, to seek in the New World the peace and toleration denied to them in the Old. They found both on the strand of the pleasant woody land where the English Quaker in his infant settlement offered a refuge to all such persecuted wanderers. There they prospered; and their numbers were increased by a constant stream of new comers, drawn thitherward by that spell, stronger even than the love of the mother-country, the charm that lies in the sound of the mother-tongue—that same feeling which leads the Celts from the hills of Morven, or the misty Western Isles, to cluster together in little Gaelic-speaking townships in the backwoods of North America, or in the heart of the Australian Bush. So deeply indeed is it rooted in the Celtic nature, that not rarely some old goody of over fourscore will go forth with her kindred to some such settlement rather than join a well-to-do son or daughter settled in London, which to her is only an "out of the way place, where no Gaelic is spoken." What matter all the dangers and discomforts of the long sea passage, made, as she must make it, cramped up in an emigrant ship? What though she may have to bear the terrible cold of the long, hard, bitter winter, so long as she can be sure that the dearly-loved accents of her native Irish shall greet her at the end of her voyage, and be the last sounds to fall upon her dying ears? As a matter of course we expect to find all such colonists thus drawn together by the common love of their common speech guarding it with jealous care, and handing down unchanged from one generation to another the heritage which their forefathers have left to them. Cut off as they are from the parent stem, they have no part in the fresh shoots which the living sap from time to time throws out, and they cling all the more closely to the old forms and the old words such as the old folks brought them over, and show forth, sometimes after the lapse of centuries, the old speech such as it was at the time of the separation. The Parisians, a few years back, found that among the strange varieties of mankind who gathered to throng the courts and gape at the wonders of their *Exhibition*, not the least amusing were those Canadian cousins in whose quaint language they heard an echo of the speech of their forefathers, the half-forgotten words and stately phrases of the "ancien régime," free from the mushroom growth of modern slang. Professor Max Müller indeed maintains that no dialect thus carried off from its native soil can claim to rank as a living language, because, though subject to phonetic decay, it must lack the other element essential to the growth of language, dialectic regeneration.

To this general rule Professor Haldeman would have us believe that Pennsylvania Dutch is a striking exception, the ranks of its vocabulary having been recruited by a great number of English words, which however have been so *be-Dutched* in the spelling as almost to have lost their original form altogether; such are "kerretsch," "reel root," "schiotoor," "plantaaesch," "kallitsch," "peefment," "kelkeleesch'nss." Most of these recruits, Professor Haldeman tells us, have been taken in because they point out some object or idea new to the *Dutchman's* mind. In giving us "clearing" as an illustration of this principle, Professor Haldeman has not, we think, chosen very happily. He tells us that this word has been adopted by the Pennsylvania Dutch "because the destruction of forests by chopping and burning is not a European practice." Certainly not now, when forests in civilized countries are few and far between, kept up chiefly as play-places for princes, and jealously guarded from vulgar intrusion; but this was not always the case. The great Hercynian forests must have been got rid of somehow, and chopping and burning seem the most obvious ways of getting rid of them. And as for a word to express the result, the Germans on the old Continent have "Lichtung," which is the exact equivalent of "clearing." Setting the question of gender for these adopted words seems to have given the Dutchmen no small trouble, and to have been done at haphazard, for, while *beef* is masculine, when *dried* it becomes neuter, while *jury* is feminine. This last has no doubt been dictated by a prophetic spirit, and is the shadow thrown before by the juries that shall be when women's rights reign supreme and unmocked at.

Setting aside however this "English infusion," which, considering the common origin of both languages, is not after all as large as might have been looked for, this Pennsylvania Dutch is just what we should expect to find a dialect spoken by *High Dutchmen* from divers districts of Swabia and Bavaria. They know more about digging and hoeing than reading and writing, and, having been left to their own devices for pretty nearly two centuries, have let drop out of sight the words they no longer needed, and have only kept those suited to their daily wants, spelling them to suit their own pronunciation. It is this funny spelling, we rather think, which makes "Pennsylvanisch Deitsch" look odder to us than it must sound, at all events, to Swabian ears. If, as Professor Haldeman tells us, German immigrants from Europe usually fall into the local dialect in about a year, it cannot have strayed very far from what it was when first brought over. Of course it is very far off indeed from the high-polite German as we learn it from grammars and dictionaries, with its exasperating inflections and maddening construction; but if that sort of German is anywhere spoken by the people, we should be glad to know where, as it certainly is not in any part of Swabia or Saxony that has yet come within the range of our experience.

Phonetic decay has been going on here at a very go-ahead rate. These busy Dutchmen, who have no time to utter needless syllables, or to stop to think whether "er," or "es," or "en," or "em," is the proper tail to be tacked on to an adjective,

\* *Pennsylvania Dutch: a Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English.* By S. S. Haldeman, A.M. London: Tribbner & Co. 1872.  
Pennsylvania Dutch, and other Essays. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1872.

have dropped the ends off their words altogether, and in most cases an “e” does duty for that tiresome inflectional ending which we have gone a step further and got rid of. In most words the final consonant is dropped, and the favourite Swabian “li” has supplanted the other diminutives. But examples are not wanting which show the reverse of this process, though they are rarer; such are *korb*, *kalk*, *berg*, which have grown into “*karep*,” “*kalich*,” “*barik*.” Such, doubtless, would be the fate of many of our own words were persons whose peculiarly pompous habit of mind leads them to talk of *umberella*, *aerated*, *Henry*, and so on, allowed to take the lead in phonetic spelling.

Here, as elsewhere throughout the States, proper names—whether of places, persons, or drugs—seem to have been very severely maltreated. We admire the praiseworthy intelligence of the chemist who steered clear of poisoning his customers through the following remarkably difficult shoal of medicines required of him:—

Allways, Barriekgerrick, Sider in de ment, Essig of Iseck, Hirim Packer, Cimment, Cienpepper, Sension, Saintcum, Opien, High cyrap, Seno and mano misc, Sking, Coroces suplement, Red prespeite, Ammeline, Lockwouth, Absom’s salts, Mick nisey, Corgel, Chebubs, By crematarter potash, Balder-  
you, Lower beans, Cots Shyneel.

Among the odd mongrel names of places we find the following:—

Engelsville, Lederachsville, Scherksville, Schwenksville, Silberlingsville, Wernersville, Zieglerville; paralleled by the English town in Kutztown, Mertztown, Schifferstown, Strautstown; burg in Ickesburg, Landisburg, Rehersburg; and the German *dorf* has a representative in Womelsdorf.

Such examples as “Engelsville” and “Zieglerville” set us wondering what might not have been the fate of the Federal capital had not the first President by good luck borne the name of a Northamptonshire village. As it is, we congratulate the States on not having yielded to the temptation they must have felt to call it Washingtonville, or, at least, Washingtontown.

Professor Haldeman devotes several pages of his painstaking treatise to telling us that this trans-Atlantic Dutch is not Swiss, nor Swabian, nor Alsatian, nor Bavarian, and so on till we call to mind the preacher whose eloquent efforts to describe the fishes which did not swallow Jonah were cut short by the old woman who rudely bade him waste no more words on it, but go on to a more profitable subject, for that every one there present knew that it was a whale. Perhaps here too an old woman could best help the Professor out of his perplexity could she but persuade him to believe her simple statement that she speaks Dutch. Dutch from High Dutchland it certainly is, but to do it justice it must be compared with the High Dutch dialects as they are spoken on the slopes and in the valleys of the Cantons and on the banks of the Neckar and the Rhine, not with the “average speech of the average German” which Professor Haldeman tells us he has taken as his standard. If by the “average German” he means a being who speaks naturally all Dutch dialects, be they High or Low, we should be glad to know where such a wonder is to be found.

*Pennsylvania Dutch and other Essays* is a little book with no other claim to be coupled with Professor Haldeman’s treatise than its happening to be written on the same subject. The authoress makes no pretensions to knowing anything of philology, and, when she does let the word Dutch slip in, is at great pains to explain that she knows this does not always mean Hollandisch. And when she quotes the words of one of her Dutch friends—“Here is it as Dutch as Dutchland”—she thinks fit to add in explanation, “The neighbourhood is not however nearly so German as Germany.” In the first part of the book she gives us an amusing picture of the busy homely life of these Dutch folk who still cling to the traditions as to the speech of their forefathers. Religious meetings are the great festivities of the district, and the authoress has conscientiously done them all, from a funeral, which ranks as the most festive, to the Dunker love-feast, where the zeal of the assistants is pretty equally divided between the making of pies and the “making of the preacher.” Baptists of some sort or other they are nearly all, a few Quakers excepted, but then Baptist in Pennsylvania Dutchland means many different things. The greater part still bear the name of Simon Menno, their noted leader in the Low Countries in the sixteenth century. But, besides the Mennonites, there are the Dunkers or Dippers; and the most straitest set of all follow the doctrines of one Jacob Amen, a Swiss preacher of the seventeenth century, who founded a sect instead of finishing one, as might from his name have been expected. These “Amish men” are more commonly called “Hookers,” or “Hook-and-eye men,” not however from any particular acceptance of the well-known witticism of a certain popular preacher, but because they follow the traditions of their founder, which bid them eschew the sinful luxury of buttons, in whose stead they have taken to hooks and eyes. But why hooks and eyes? Is there not a something in the cunning fitting of hook to eye that savours strongly of carnal subtlety, and does not the very form of the eye suggest the twist of the serpent’s tail? Would not pins, or, more primitive still, thorns be at once more simple and innocent, and therefore more expedient?

The “other essays” which make up the second part are, the author tells us, “graver and more historical” than the first. Surely then “Cousin Jemima,” the last of these, must have slipped in unawares among its fellows. The story of notable housewife’s woes when the pigs got into the oven and devoured the store of pies made ready against the noontide hour, when the brethren bidden to a dinner should arrive hungry from the monthly meeting, may be true, but is scarcely “historical.” Can any pie claim a place in history saving that one of mince, linked

with the name of the never-to-be-forgotten Horner? and how can one keep a “grave” face at the thought of the dismay of the fasting brethren thus defrauded of their looked-for meal?

#### BRÉAL ON ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.\*

THE adoption of a law which makes the parish primarily responsible for the education of the children who live in it must in the long run work a considerable change in our conception of elementary instruction. So long as public money was only applied by way of aid to voluntary effort, it was quite right that those who had the disposal of it should take count of nothing beyond the most elementary subjects. The limitation of the grant to places which were able to help themselves necessarily created an invidious inequality; and to pay for teaching some children more than reading and writing, while other children equally destitute were not taught even this, would only have made the inequality more glaring. Now that the ratepayers in each borough or parish are authorised to tax themselves for educational purposes, there is no necessary limit to the subjects taught in primary schools. If the inhabitants of a particular town or village choose that every child in it shall learn Hebrew or the Calculus, they have a right to spend their money as they like best. For the future, therefore, educational reformers need impose no check on the zeal of school managers beyond such as is implied in the warning not to encourage advanced studies at the expense of elementary ones. Provided that every child in the school is taught to read, write, and cipher, the cleverer or more industrious children can hardly be taught too much besides. A book on this subject which has lately been published in France will supply some useful hints as to the higher subjects to be included in the school course, and as to the method of teaching both these and the elementary subjects. M. Bréal’s *Quelques Mots sur l’Instruction publique* has become famous from the adoption of many of his suggestions by M. Jules Simon in his recent circular on secondary education. But the first part of his book deals with elementary education, and the shrewd good sense of his remarks makes them applicable to other systems than that to which they specifically relate. We shall dwell especially on the chapters which deal with the teaching of language, of geography, and of history.

How is it, asks M. Bréal, that the grammar lesson is usually so much disliked by children? Partly because their own tongue is taught to them as though it were a dead language every word of which is strange to them. They come to school with a vocabulary already formed. They are able among themselves to argue, to persuade, to narrate. It should be the object of the teacher to develop and cultivate this faculty of speech, instead of which the ordinary effect of school life is to destroy it so completely that it rarely reappears. Where is the workman who can give a clear explanation of his own work, the witness who can narrate intelligently what he has seen a few minutes before? Education, says M. Bréal, seems to have deprived the French of that faculty of speech which their ancestors possessed in such abundance, and the reason is, that language is taught by reference to grammar, instead of grammar by reference to language. M. Bréal’s remedy for this evil is to make children use their tongues in school as well as out of it. “Pour enseigner le Français à vos élèves, faites-les parler, encore parler, toujours parler.” He would have the reading books composed of fairy tales, or of exciting incidents from books of travel, or of chapters from *Robinson Crusoe*—it will be well if M. Bréal’s constant references to it should make English teachers appreciate better the educational value of that wonderful book—so as to interest the children from the very first. At the beginning of the lesson the children should read the passage over to themselves, so as to have some notion of the difficulties in it. The master would then read it aloud, and afterwards the children would read it aloud in turn, beginning with the best reader. Then all the books should be closed, and the children be called upon to tell the story from memory, each one correcting or supplementing the others. In the advanced classes the teacher should make the children compare their own methods of turning a sentence with the author’s, and point out where they have misunderstood the sense of a phrase, or where their words give a less full meaning than those of which they intend them to be the reproduction. It is important again to work from examples to rules, rather than from rules to examples. If, for instance, the teacher is giving a lesson on the use of the subjunctive mood, he should begin by reading a short sentence in which it is used, repeating it over several times, and laying special stress on the words to which he wishes to call attention. Then he should make the children compare this sentence with others of the same form, as well as with others differing only in the mood used. In this way they will see for themselves that grammar has a practical use, that it helps them to make what they say more clear to those to whom they speak. The meaning of a word, again, may often be better shown by bringing together a number of sentences in which it occurs than by a formal definition. M. Bréal’s illustration is the sentence—“Education must have regard to the respective needs of the body and the soul.” Instead of simply explaining the word “respective,” and passing on, the teacher should make them see for themselves what it means in the sentences—The three cottages have their

\* *Quelques Mots sur l’Instruction publique*. Par Michel Bréal. Paris: Hachette. 1872.

respective gardens. The children stood by their respective monitors, and the like. When a child has got these examples into his head, the word in itself so long and mysterious will be connected with everyday life. M. Bréal would turn metaphors and derivations and synonyms to similar account; the object in all cases being to enlarge the scholar's vocabulary, to make the things he learns in school bear upon the things he knows out of school, and to explain what is difficult by showing how it grows out of what has censured to be difficult.

All this is as applicable to English schools as to French. M. Bréal's suggestions as to the treatment of *patois* in elementary schools, interesting as they are in themselves, are perhaps less capable of being followed out in this country. But the chapter on teaching geography and history is full of matter of universal utility. As regards both these studies, the common error of elementary teaching is to start from generalities which find no echo in the scholar's mind, instead of from particulars which are familiar, and therefore interesting, to him. Instead of giving a child a map of the world or of Europe, or even of his own country, let him begin with a map of the district in which he lives. The first map which a Parisian ought to be familiar with, says M. Bréal, is that of the department of the Seine. The children in elementary schools should be made to follow out on it the course of the river, to notice the curves which it describes, and to observe the rising grounds which compel it to describe them. After this they should master the surrounding villages and the lines of road or railway which connect them with Paris. In this way a child will learn to understand the use of a map, and he will easily go on from the known to the unknown, from the map of a district which he knows to the maps of districts which are strange to him. By the time he has mastered the geography of his parish and his county, geographical terms and symbols will have taken shape and meaning in his mind. The next step should be to give children some notion of the chief industries of the place they live in. In an agricultural district they should be taught what are the principal crops, and for what markets they are destined; in a mining district the contents of the earth under their feet, in a seaport the number of the ships that enter the harbour and the nature and destination of their cargoes, would hold a corresponding place in their work. When the limits of their own country are passed, the instruction must necessarily become much more general, but the geographical notions gained by the scholars will serve to make it intelligible. A child who has learned from the local map how the river on whose bank he lives has its course determined by the hills which he sees from his own door will have no difficulty in understanding how larger streams are turned aside by higher mountains. The contours of the map of Europe or of the world will speak to him in a language which practice on a smaller scale has made not wholly strange to him. M. Bréal proposes to subject history to a similar treatment. If there is a cathedral or an old castle in the neighbourhood of the school, the history lesson should take it as its starting-point. Where nothing of the sort exists, the annals of the town or of the district may be used for the same purpose. The important thing is to give some definiteness of form to the vague notions of a time long past, which are all that an ordinary historical text-book conveys to a child's, or indeed to anybody's, mind. In France, as M. Bréal justly says, the materials for this method of teaching are richer than in any other country, except perhaps Italy. Unfortunately they have not been neglected only—they have been actually proscribed:—

Regions which have filled Europe with the echo of their fame and exercised a decisive influence upon the history of the world—Normandy, Lorraine, Burgundy, Provence, Champagne—are presented to the French child in no other light than that of so many territorial divisions. . . . Among all the nations of the world France alone presents the spectacle of a nation which holds in aversion its own past history.

We in England have not always the advantage of such wealth of local materials; but then we have not to struggle with a rooted prejudice against using such as we have. Our chief enemies in this respect are the want of proper books and proper masters. The first School Board that authorises a local history for use in its schools, the first Training College that sets up a class in local history for the benefit of its students, will do more to promote real knowledge among children than if it threw the whole history of England into a tabular form which could be learnt by heart in a month. The experiment might first be tried in places which have a really famous past—such as Canterbury or Winchester. London has the disadvantage of being so large that the children of one of its districts may know nothing of another district, while its best known building—St. Paul's—is of too late a date to serve as a good historical text. But the City and the Tower in one direction, and Westminster Abbey in another, are admirably suited for this purpose; and if competent writers were retained for the work, there are few parts of England which would not yield some associations which might make the children of the district feel that the past of which they read was once a real present. In geography there would in many cases be no need to wait for the appearance of new helps to teaching. The six-inch ordnance map, would give all the natural features in the immediate neighbourhood of the school; and when that has been mastered, the one-inch ordnance map of the county would take its place and serve as a stepping-stone to the map of England. We can strongly recommend M. Bréal's book to teachers and to all who have the training or appointment

of teachers. If the hundred and fifty pages which deal with primary education were translated and published separately, they ought to command as much attention in England as in France.

#### GREVILLE LANDON.\*

IT seems a paradox to say that a novel may be worthless in itself, and yet, because of the evident capabilities of the writer, not to be dismissed with the silence of contempt; but such a phenomenon is possible if rare, and in *Greville Landon* we have an example of it. In all that constitutes a meritorious work of fiction this book is an unmistakable failure. Out of a weak plot, cloudy characters, diluted incidents, fine writing, and bad grammar, it is easy to see that nothing approaching to excellence can be evolved. Still we feel all through this labyrinth of mistakes that Mr. Pier Lisle has lost his way and missed his natural vocation rather than shown ingrained incapacity for good work if undertaken in the right direction. Fiction is plainly not his forte, save with much more study of the arts of construction and description than he has given to *Greville Landon*; but there is no reason why the intellect which has failed to paint a lifelike picture of men and manners should not succeed, say, in the smaller circle of essay writing, or perhaps in the fiercer war-path of politics. Thus much, too, we may say, that political passions, though useful where wanted, are distinctly out of place in a novel. In the special instance before us they form a not inconsiderable part of the general story, and consequently are answerable for a large amount of the failure ensuing. Mr. Pier Lisle has not shaken himself free from the childlike of confounding moral qualities with political principles. His Radicals are all sons of the devil, with no disguise of paternity; and a belief in the efficiency of the ballot-box as part of the machinery of voting includes, as a logical sequence, a doubtful standard of honour and a twist in the backbone of virtue throughout. And though one naturally likes a man to be loyal to his party and staunch to his opinions, yet one gets wearied with the patent injustice which makes no distinction between intellectual perceptions and ethics, and which would advance a cause by blackening the faces of its opponents.

Another great mistake in the book is the multitude of characters, or rather of names, which it includes. It is a fatiguing exercise of memory to distinguish and localize each person as he or she steps forth from the crowd and becomes the chief personage of the next few pages; and there is no doubt that the work of the plot would have been much better done if only half the hands had been employed, or even fewer, and also if it had been written in less than half the space. The tediousness of the wire-drawing is something overwhelming. It took the author one hundred and sixty-six pages, heavily printed, before he could get the marriage ceremony decently performed over George Berthon and the Lady Lilian Celadon. They are engaged in the opening paragraph, but we have to go through an amount of matter equivalent to one ordinary volume before we are rid of the kisses and the caresses, the nestlings in strong arms, and the gift of a locket, the poetical maunderings on his side and the dainty fears on hers, which we could so much better have imagined for ourselves. There is no reason why the whole of this should not have been concentrated into one chapter at most. And perhaps a severer revision would have got rid of other errors beside circumlocution. "He stood some inches taller than him" is not exactly the kind of English to which we are accustomed from men of education; nor do we think "looking as conscious as he well can contrive to" a turn of phrase to be commended. "Different to"; "where" for "of which"; "the conversation which Lilian and Violet was carrying on"; "how run you will feel" in the mouth of a charming young lady, the daughter of a live Earl; "faintly yellow roses bouqued with maidenhair fern"; a marble cross spoken of seriously as "a sweet thing"; and "Lilian's was a nature the softer than her elder sister's that it was perhaps the less capable of any great passion"—all these strike us as slightly eccentric in point of syntax. We would also counsel Mr. Pier Lisle to look more narrowly over his next batch of proofs, and not let "rein ecko" stand for Reinecke; and in his second edition he would do well to reduce *Greville Landon*'s confession of faith from sixteen pages into the same number of lines, and to ask himself seriously what he means by such a sentence as this mysterious conclusion of Conrad Graf von Edelstein's soliloquy:—"The old pleasures pall. I am sick of existence; how thy Eumenides pursue me, Isabel! Bah, what a child I am! I would defy hell—if those eyes of thine would look kindly on me, my Nora! Meanwhile, satyr like, I hunt mænads; ha, ha, ha!"

This Conrad Graf von Edelstein is by no means a comfortable person to encounter, as may be surmised by that suggestive soliloquy. What with his tendency to hunt mænads, his dark allusions to Toinette and the Eumenides of Isabel, his liking to write anonymous letters, drop handkerchiefs in ladies' bedrooms, and play the traitor, spy, and villain generally, we cannot say that we feel very easy when in his company. Nevertheless we could not spare him. He is our pinch of blue fire which lightens up all the rest; our melodramatic villain of the good old times, who ought rightfully to be represented in a brigand hat and jackboots, traversing the stage with the regulation stride, and uttering in a hollow voice mystic speeches that mean more than

\* *Greville Landon*. A Novel. By Pier Lisle. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

the lengthiest paraphrase in ordinary English could convey. We never know what he is going to do; and though we feel tolerably sure that in the end virtue will be triumphant and vice will bite the dust, yet the escapes are by ways no wider than the thickness of a hair, and we are mortally afraid every now and then of a stumble on the wrong side. In that wonderful love scene, for instance, by the frozen fountain, when the Count is "asking Lady Nora, the beautiful daughter of the great English earl, to be his wife," we are made quite nervous as to the ultimate action of this "dark handsome man in a soft felt Tyrolean hat, having a cock's feather stuck in the band, a long coat trimmed about the collar and the cuffs and down the edges with sable," &c., and who "stroked his long black moustache" as no other man did. Not even when the Lady Nora Celadon "had drawn herself up in her proud, defiant way, and was crushing him with those magnificent eyes of hers," do we feel safe; and only when the Count, "lifting his hat, stepped to one side of the path, while she gave him a bow that looked very stiff indeed, and, passing on towards the house, left him alone by the frozen fountain in the gathering twilight," are we sure that Isabel's Eumenides are not to be reinforced by Nora's.

The last scene of this marvellous personage is even more impressive than his earlier appearances. He is a mixture of Manfred, Strathmore, and Don Juan in about equal parts, a creature half Byronic, half after the gospel of Ouida, and therefore like nothing in heaven or earth wearing the semblance of a man. In a planet where the inhabitants are lunatics, and own for one of their amusements that of hunting menads, such a meeting as that of Greville Landon and the Count von Edelstein might perhaps be possible; but in a matter-of-fact, sober-suited world like our own, accomplishing its revolutions with regularity and peopled on the whole by men who have not lost their wits, it is as little real as if the noble Count, who gnawed his moustache savagely and refused to tell Landon the secret for which he begged because he would not swear not to trouble him in the dim world to which he was going with cabalistic invocations to the spirit of Isabel, had been painted like one of Peter Wilkins's flying women, or as a Briareus hundred-handed. Mr. Pier Lisle, however, allows no chains of probability to fetter his free undaunted spirit. Every circumstance of the interview is monstrous in its unlikeness to human nature and society; and when he says complacently "this all passed like a scene in a play," he must mean one of those plays that used to be, and probably still are, performed at fairs in travelling booths where humanity seem to have got a "shog" over and above that given to the infant world in the beginning. Imagine a couple of gentlemen meeting in a woody glen in the Black Forest, the one on a rock raised a few feet above the other; time the early morning, occasion a broken axle-tree, accessories a wood-cutter's hut, an open fire, military cloaks, revolvers, a storm, an eagle. After some talk of a grandiose kind, wherein occurs the mysterious sentence to which we have referred about cabalistic invocations and the like, the Count commands "Sir Greville," as he calls Mr. Landon, to "reach down his weapon"—meaning to lower it, or lay it aside—if he "did not care for death." Then ensues this remarkable conclusion:—

Landon was prostrated with grief at the failure of his mission, and remained perfectly still on the spot where he was standing. Not so the Count, he seized his revolver, and came to the edge of the plateau.

"This is my revenge," he said, in his own language, "that her soul is everlasting damned, and that your secret dies for ever. Learn yourself, fool, how to die!"

In the twinkling of an eye he turned the muzzle of the pistol inwards, and shot himself in the forehead.

Landon sprang upon the plateau, but, as he did so, the wounded man threw his arms in the air, and falling forwards went headlong over the precipice into the abyss.

An exclamation of horror burst from Landon's lips; he knelt at the edge and looked over. Where the living man had stood a moment before there was no trace but the still smoking revolver which had dropped from his hand. A harsh scream came from below as he strained his eyes over the edge, and an eagle sailed from under the cliff beneath, and swooped down into the darkness and the mist of the valley. Landon drew his hand across his eyes; when he turned round, he beheld standing behind him, with his arms crossed upon his breast, the young officer whom he had seen at the hut.

"He has committed suicide," he said, in unmoved tones; "I knew he would. If you will return with me to the hut, monsieur, I have something to tell you, and we will send some men to look for the body."

The young man's presence of mind completely astounded Landon; but, on recalling it afterwards, he came to the conclusion that the unhappy Count had prepared him beforehand for the catastrophe.

He followed his silent guide down the path, and they re-entered the hut together. When they were alone, the young man addressed him, and said—

"Perhaps I should introduce myself, Mr. Landon. The Count was my uncle. My own name is Rudolph von Koenigstein. As his nephew and executor, he commissioned me, in case anything happened to him, to hand to you this letter."

The characters in *Greville Landon* are, as we said, cloudy and indistinct. One girl is very much like another girl; and the young men are of the pattern of those we see immortalized in wax in the windows of aesthetic hairdressers. They are light-haired or dark-haired; with plaintive blue eyes, or more fierce and vivacious black orbs; they mope when things go wrong, or they rave; but they are all brothers at bottom, and the constitutional differences between them are of the thinnest possible description. And all the men, young and old, are as sensitive as so many schoolgirls. A cold, hard man of the world, a rather too economical lawyer, "flushes" because his penurious fire is looked at by a client; and one young person, a man of the poet genus, weeps on very slight provocation. He cannot bear the chaff of a friend without his

eyes filling with tears; and he maunders about a young sister as the most sentimental youth of our acquaintance would not maund about his dead lady love. Indeed Harley Grey is a pitiable creature all through, though he is so far of the Admirable Crichton order that he can waltz to perfection without any practice. And yet with all the weakness, affectation, ill-construction, and effeminacy of *Greville Landon*, there are indications of cleverness in the author. Fiction is evidently not his trade; and though we do not pretend to say what is, we doubt not that he has a place somewhere in the great world of literature, if he could only find it out. He will never do any good, however, while he goes on writing novels of the calibre and character of this odd bit of froth; and the sooner he recognizes this truth the better it will be for him and us. He has ability, but it is in an untrimmed, chaotic state at this present time; his pathos being funny, and his melodrama ludicrous, while for want of right direction his cleverness misses fire, and his points fail to tell.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

THE time of year has once more come round when we find ourselves called in to advise those who are thinking of buying books, not to keep for themselves, but to give away to others. Once more we feel that we must lay aside somewhat of that judicial severity which we have shown throughout the year, and use a standard of criticism which, though too low for our readers, may yet be quite high enough for our readers' friends. After all, some of these friends may be young enough to wonder why books are not all pictures, and small enough still to quake at giants, even though they believe in all the mighty deeds of the heroic Jack. Can we be severe on some highly-coloured picture-book when the next moment we find some child eagerly bending over it, and watching, may-be, the picture of a man stepping out of a carriage in patient expectation to see him set his other foot to the ground? Shall we cast aside some story-book as dull, when, the same evening, perhaps, it is read aloud to a little group of breathless listeners till a dismal cry that is suddenly raised tells from how pleasant a time inexorable fate in the shape of the nursemaid is sweeping them away. We next pick up, perhaps, some story for boys, and, soon weary of the old tremendous fight, begin to think that it would have been a very good thing if, when once Friday had got killed and Robinson Crusoe had left off his wanderings, all quarrels with savages had been settled on the principle of international arbitration. But we should no more think of trusting our taste in this matter than we would an alderman's in a question of Everton toffee. For our memory of our schoolboy days is still fresh enough for us to know that, when once the solitary crack of a rifle had in one story killed the wicked savage and saved the hero from torture, we were quite ready for a second solitary crack with the same happy results in a second story. We have no such memory to guide us in our criticism of the books for girls, and here we find ourselves thrown back on our imagination. It is not difficult, however, to believe that in their eyes no book, however moral, will seem dull after they have gone through a severe course of *Mangnall's Questions* or of *Mrs. Markham's Histories*. The gift-book for big folk we can better judge of. We have not, indeed, the smallest intention of giving any away—for what householder at Christmas, with all his taxes to pay at the beginning of the year, can feel "givish"?—nor, again, have we much wish to receive any, for we have but little enjoyment of books that need ornamental bindings. Nevertheless we have, like every one else, friends for whom we gladly allow that many of these volumes would make most suitable presents.

For, after all, for not a few of these Christmas books nothing more is required than a drawing-table where they can fulfil the end of their existence by lying with their gayest side upwards. We shall therefore let this gallant show of Christmas books pass before us with a friendly eye, and shall no more think of applying to it severity of criticism than we should to the Lord Mayor's Show. Who, indeed, but on the 9th of November feels a respectful awe as he beholds the Lord Mayor in all his grandeur, comforted spiritually by his chaplain and guarded bodily by his swordbearer? But if we were to meet his lordship in the month of June in the same array and with the same attendants, wandering through the Highgate lanes, would even the thought of Dick Whittington and the stone he sat on enable us to keep our gravity? And yet even in a Lord Mayor's Show, or in some other great civic procession, there may be at times some high officer—some sheriff perhaps—who by his modern vulgarity spoils the whole illusion and strips the show of that antiquity in which it was clad. In like manner in our show we shall come, we know, across not a little coarseness, which is rendered none the more pleasing by its gaudiness. But fine bindings and gay illustrations shall no more than "robes and furr'd gowns hide all." While we shall gladly recognize merit where merit even in a small degree is to be found, we will do our best at Christmas, as well as at all times of the year, to spoil the market of those who deal in coarse literary wares. We could wish, even in the case of many of the better kind of books for young people, that they were written in simple English, and not in that bastard tongue which, unless carefully watched, will before long oust the rightful heir. It is well, no doubt, that we should get rid of the name Anglo-Saxons, and should talk only of the English-speaking

nations. We must take care, however, that by the time we have brought in the more exact term there are nations left that speak English. Our story-books as well as our prayers should be "in such a language and order as is most easy and plain for the understanding both of the readers and hearers." If every one who sets up for a writer of children's books were first to see whether he himself understands the long words he uses, and next were to publish nothing but what has passed muster before a set of intelligent children, we should not only have much better stories, but also we should see a check given to the rapidly growing love for fine words. Some of the magazines that come before our notice offer prizes to their young correspondents for the best essays that are sent in. We shall venture in our turn to offer one prize, not to the young, but to the authors. We therefore beg leave to announce that next year we will in our notice of Christmas books give the longest paragraph, in the best laudatory adjectives that the language can supply, to the writer who writes the story that can be the best understood of all the little people.

Keats's *Endymion*. Illustrated by E. J. Poynter, A.R.A. (Moxon). First among the Christmas books which we have as yet received must we place this beautiful work. "I hope," says Keats in his exquisite preface to *Endymion*, "I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness; for I wish to try once more before I bid it farewell." Neither Keats nor Mr. Poynter, neither poet nor artist, could dull the brightness of anything that was beautiful, however late the day might be on which they touched it. Mr. Poynter gives us but six illustrations of *Endymion*, but these are so finely done that we hope he will say with the poet, "I wish to try once more before I bid it farewell."

Virtue's *Imperial Shakspeare*. Edited by Charles Knight (Virtue and Co.). This handsome edition of Shakspeare is admirably well adapted to lie on the drawing-room table, though we are rather inclined to doubt whether it is not somewhat too ponderous for use. Shakspeare in "imperial quarto" looks well, but we suspect that, however familiar he may be in our mouths, he will scarcely be in that shape as familiar in our hands. But while in our household furniture we have the same things in one shape for show and in another shape for use, while we have one set of fire-irons to look bright and another set to do the work—not that we by any means admire this particular fashion—we do not know why in our household words we should not have one edition to load our table or our bookcase, and another edition to load our pockets. Admirably adapted, moreover, is an edition like this for what is called a presentation. It is indeed more blessed to give than to receive a copy of Shakspeare that is printed in forty parts, each of which contains two hundred pages of letterpress, even though it is "in a bold, clear type, specially cast for the work." We must not forget to add that each part is illustrated with an engraving on steel, some of which, like the poet whom they illustrate, may be looked on as old favourites, for they have, if we mistake not, already appeared in the *Art Journal*.

*Sea-Gull Rock*. Translated from the French of M. Jules Sandeau, of the French Academy, by Robert Blake, M.A. (Sampson Low and Co.). This story deserves to be a great favourite with English boys as well as with French. It is certainly somewhat too full of extravagances, but there is nevertheless in it a fund of humour. There is moreover to balance the humour a good deal of pretty sentimentality, so that the tender-hearted reader may find that he has scarcely recovered from a burst of laughter before he is inclined to have a cry. The translator would perhaps have been wiser in his generation if on one or two occasions he had avoided a freedom of expression which, though innocent enough in itself, might shock modern propriety. In the story, for instance, "why Babolein's grandfather could not sit down for twenty years," circumlocution might have been discreetly employed, and yet the anatomical explanation might have been quite clear. He would no doubt have considerably spoiled the humour of the story, but, though humour is dear, propriety is dearer.

Routledge's *Every Boy's Annual for 1873* (Routledge and Sons). The sharp criticism that we have had in former years to pass on this annual has apparently not been without good results. We are glad to notice an entire absence of those coarse pictures of human suffering which once were too characteristic of this work. We trust that English boys are not so degraded in their tastes but that they will prefer the gay illustrations of the Rev. J. G. Wood's chapters on birds which are now given to the pictures of alligators or sharks gnawing at a man's body which used to be set before them. We still indeed have both the shark and the alligator, but they are in a high state of civilization, and behave with the greatest propriety. There is also an exciting but harmless picture of two missionaries who are wading through the surf, with zinc pails on their heads by way of helmets. Their faces are shown with a view to inspire either the unseen savages that are shooting at them or the reader with respectful admiration. It is pleasing to see how the arrows that are drawn in flight are carefully missing their faces and hitting the pails. But the editor might, we should think, in these athletic days find some one to write on cricket who would not be capable of such a foolish passage as the following:—"Cricket is a great practical leveller of rank, and is therefore the most Republican game of our time. Not only do all classes of the community enjoy the pastime, but frequently play together in a sort of free association. Once a year we have a match in which twenty-two members of the two Houses of Parliament take part. Moreover the Gentlemen have an annual match with the professional players of England, taking invariably from

the latter the most hollow thrashing imaginable—the eleven working men wresting victory from the eleven patricians." "My young friends," as the writer calls his readers, will perhaps delight to learn that the House of Lords condescends to associate in the cricket field with the House of Commons, but what will he say to a man who is so ignorant of the world's history as not to know that the patricians nowadays mostly beat the working men?

Hogarth's *Frolic: a Five Days' Peregrination by Land and Water* (Hotten). So far as this work is a mere reproduction it is very interesting. Every reader of Thackeray's *English Humourists* must remember the description he gives of that "jolly party of tradesmen engaged at high jinks" who took that celebrated five days' trip in Kent. We have, in the work before us, not merely well executed "sketches in sepia from the original drawings, illustrating the tour by W. Hogarth and S. Scott," but also a reprint of the veracious history of this important peregrination. The whole narrative is written with a great deal of humour, and is not unworthy of Hogarth's pencil, which illustrates it. It is a pity that so interesting a reprint should be, to a considerable extent, spoilt by the introduction. It would not have been hard, we should have thought, to find some one who could have written with knowledge of Hogarth's times, and who could have written in English. It would seem that the writer imagines that Horace Walpole and "Walpole, Lord Orford," were different people. At all events, in the fifth page he introduces Walpole to us "as the artificial virtuosi (*sic*) of Strawberry Hill," and in the tenth page he writes of "the account pronounced of (*sic*) Scott by Walpole, Lord Orford." Perhaps he became aware of some confusion on this point, and so was led to compromise the matter by making Walpole a *virtuoso*, and not a *virtuoso*. It is in any case too bad that one should be introduced into the company of such genuine Englishmen as the heroes of this peregrination by a man who writes in a tongue which they would have wondered at with great amazement. Hogarth and his friends must indeed have come to a sad pass when they require such an apology as the following:—"We have briefly sketched sufficient of the professional careers of the five Hogarthian pilgrims to indicate that their positions and acquirements were above the average of the period, rather than, as has been unthinkingly represented, their disposition being those of boorish *sits* (*sic*). It is no wonder that a man who spells 'sits' 'sits' in another place spells 'were' 'where'."

*Manual of Buhl-Work and Marquetry*, by W. Bemrose, Jun. (Bemrose and Sons). Buhl-work and marquetry, as our readers scarcely require to be informed, are "sister arts of wood-carving and fret-cutting." "Excellence," moreover, "is obtainable in them, and they contribute to the elegance and adornment of home." The work before us is handsomely illustrated with "ninety colored"—why not coloured?—"designs, and contains practical instructions for learners." As far as we can pretend to judge, the "instructions" will be found to be well adapted for those who desire to learn these arts.

Walter Crane's *Picture-Book* (Routledge). The illustrations to this child's picture-book are really very clever and full of humour. Like every book whether of pictures or of stories that is good for children, it is scarcely less good for older people. Mr. Crane belongs to the Japanese school of art, a school which, we venture to say, children will vote far surpasses all others. We can only advise those who have children to buy the book for them, and those who have not to buy it for themselves.

The *Noah's Ark Alphabet* (Routledge). This alphabet, we strongly suspect, is also of Mr. Crane's designing. If not, he must have a very clever pupil or rival. We wonder, by the way, if the strange animal, the Xiphias, which gets over the old difficulty of the X, has, as here depicted, any existence out of Noah's Ark and the artist's imagination. On the page on which he appears, while there are only four animals mentioned, five are portrayed. The artist would seem himself to have been in some doubts as to the Xiphias, and so he has drawn him on the right side of the picture as a kind of black bull, and on the left side as a peaceful sheep, with the ears of an ass, gazing pensively over a blue expanse of sea at a Noah's Ark in the distance. The only Xiphias we ever heard of would clearly have been out of place in the Ark.

*Aunt Louisa's Holiday Guest* and *Aunt Louisa's Bible Picture-Book* (Warne & Co.). These two books with their gay illustrations will, as we have proved, keep young children interested for a long time. As for the letterpress we cannot say much, but, perhaps it is meant to be turned over rapidly and not to be read. The author throws some new light on the life of Moses, and shows how he was saved not only from Pharaoh, but also from "the great crocodiles" of the Nile. The picture of his being rescued from the river would have been all the more perfect if there had been "printed in colours and gold" the portrait of the greatest of the crocodiles that did not eat him. There is a good deal of information also given about the Wise Men from the East, which we have looked for in vain in our edition of the Bible. Aunt Louisa cannot be great in chronology, and will make the "dear children" rather good than exact. She says that "Daniel had written in a book that the great King would be born in about four or five hundred years' time." The children will naturally infer that Daniel lived from four to five hundred years before Christ. Puzzling though this is to us, it was not puzzling to the Wise Men, for "when this time had gone by they watched carefully for the star, and one night they saw the grand beautiful star shining in the deep violet sky." The violet sky in the illustration is admirably printed in the yellowest of gold; while in the

*Holiday Guest* the artist throws an agreeable diversity on the whiteness of the Arctic Regions by painting the polar bear a deep brown.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A N anonymous Review of Mr. Stephens's *War between the States* is open not only to the objection which applied to the original work—that it is useless to revive with the pen an issue decided by the sword—but to the further, and perhaps more conclusive, criticism that it is utterly impotent as a reply. The task of answering the greatest of Southern constitutional lawyers on a constitutional question, and on a question on which the overwhelming preponderance of authority prior to the war was on the Southern side, is not one to be undertaken by the sort of writer who would deal with such a subject under a *nom de plume*. There are probably not half-a-dozen men in the whole North who have the learning and ability necessary to give them a fair chance in such a field against such an adversary; and if these have prudently evaded the challenge, it is hardly likely that an unknown author will be able to do more good than harm to the cause by putting himself forward as its champion. The inferiority of the reviewer to his opponent in knowledge, in legal intelligence, and in confidence in his case is visible in every page. Where Mr. Stephens was candid and logical, the reviewer is tortuous and sophistical, keeping back facts which militate against his view, and which in some instances would at once expose the fallacy of his interpretations; and twisting words into a sense which they may bear perhaps, but which none who have read the history of the Convention by which the Constitution was framed can suppose they were meant to bear. The main argument is the old denial of the sovereignty of the States, supported by a technical allegation that, since treason can be committed against the Union, the Union is not a confederacy of sovereigns, but a sovereign Power; the chief reliance of the reviewer is on the old and exploded fallacy that the Constitution was ratified, "not by the States, but by the people." The plain fact is that the reverse was the case; the Constitution was adopted simply by such States as chose, acting in their capacity of sovereign Powers; the decisive vote was a popular one, but given, not by the people of the Union, but by the people of each State for that State; and, but for the uncertainty as to which States would assent, which prevented their enumeration in the preamble, the phrase of which so much is made, "We the people of the United States," would never have found its way into constitutional language. Weak as it is, the Review might be worth reading if it really represented all that the Federalists had to say for themselves. But a weak and ambitious answer to a statement like that of Mr. Stephens merely wastes the reader's time, without putting him in possession of the antagonist's case.

The *Life of Henry Wilson* †, the Republican Candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is little better than an electioneering pamphlet. Even in that capacity it is not very interesting. Though on three several occasions the Vice-President has succeeded to the Presidential chair—twice for nearly the whole and once for three-fourths of the Presidential term—he is never chosen with a view to that contingency, or even to his immediate function as President of the Senate. The place is not coveted by leading men, and is generally offered to some active and popular member of some section which it is thought desirable to conciliate, but which is not to be admitted to a share of actual power. There seems also to be a general inclination, when the Presidential candidate is a man of education and good social standing, to select "a fellow from the ranks" for the Vice-Presidency, by way of compliment to the unwashed democracy. Mr. Wilson is one of this stamp, though a man of more education than some of his predecessors. But whatever he is or has done, it is probable that his name did not make the difference of a thousand votes more or less to his party; and his antecedents can only be of consequence as showing what sort of qualifications the victorious party believed to be popular in a candidate rather for honours than for power. In this aspect Mr. Wilson's record is very plain, if not very promising. He was an Abolitionist of the extreme type; one of those who, in pursuit of abstract justice to the negro race, did not hesitate to repudiate every positive obligation incurred towards their masters, who did not pretend to confine their aims within the bounds of constitutional law, but avowed their intention to use the Federal power for the purpose of destroying slavery on Southern soil, and in the meantime set at nought every legal right conceded to slavery by the compact which created the Union. The selection of such a man for the Vice-Presidency augurs, we fear, no change in the temper or policy of the Republicans towards the Southern people.

General Hazen's book ‡ relating his experiences during the Franco-German war, and criticizing the educational and military systems of France and Germany, is very interesting, notwithstanding a bias so strong as to forbid any reliance on his estimates

\* A Review of the First Volume of Alexander H. Stephens's "War between the States." By Constitutional. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† The Life of Henry Wilson, Republican Candidate and Vice-President, 1872. By J. B. Mann. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ The School and the Army in Germany and France; with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles. By B. V. T. Major-Gen. W. B. Hazen, U.S.A., Colonel Sixth Infantry.

of French and German character or conduct, and to deprive his comments of much of the value which his observant eye and reflective temper would otherwise have given them. His accounts of French and German schools are the least interesting part of his work. Much better are his remarks on the composition and character of the two armies and their respective systems of organization, and best of all his observations on the events of the war which passed under his own eye. He begins with a curious example of blind partisanship—namely, the report of an interview with Count von Bismarck, in which the Prussian statesman put forth that account of the quarrel which he would have liked the world to believe, and represented Prussia as the innocent, retiring sheep, wantonly attacked, and almost surprised, by the French wolf. General Hazen does not appear to doubt that every word of the communication was simple truth, straight from the heart. Sharp as are the author's remarks on French vanity and perversity, and on the wilful obstinacy which up to the last moment would listen to no rational terms and believe in no adverse facts, they are borne out by the evidence of less partial witnesses; as is, to a great extent, his picture of German manners and military habits—a lively and natural one where not distorted by Republican prejudice, or wilfully caricatured to please Republican readers. There are some practical remarks on the arms and accoutrements of the contending forces which indicate the quick and careful observation of the practised soldier, and some digressions on the American military system and its peculiar conditions, as dependent on volunteers raised after the outbreak of war, which are worth attention. So likewise is a vehement protest against the use of permanent hospitals in time of war, which would seem exaggerated if it were not supported by the records of the author's own experience, and by those of many able and observant surgeons during the late war, which seem to show a very decided tendency to gangrene and hospital fevers in the larger buildings, and a far greater percentage of recoveries in tents and field hospitals.

An ambassador may naturally learn to sympathize with the national aspirations of the people among whom he has lived, if they in no way conflict with the ambition or interests of his own country; and Republican bias and the feelings cherished by American missions in the East, as well as purely political motives, of which partiality to Russia and antipathy to England are not the weakest, will always induce an American Minister at Athens to side with the Greeks against Turkey. Mr. Tuckerman's account of the *Greeks of To-day* \* may encourage this feeling among his countrymen, but will hardly affect the judgment of those English readers who have acquired, whether from personal knowledge or judicious study, even a vague idea of the comparative qualities of Eastern races. Knowing nothing of the Turks, his notions of Turkish greed and oppression are simply worthless; while his reluctant testimony to the utter rottenness of Greece—the profound corruption of political life among the Greeks, surpassing the worst to be found at Washington—the scandalous misgovernment of their little domain, and their utter incapacity either to achieve or to rule a wider one—is in his own despite a sufficient answer to all his pleadings for their "natural ambition" and their claims to territories which, however misruled, present a favourable contrast with those on the Hellenic side of the border.

Many books have been written and published upon the trans-Continental railway journey from New York to San Francisco, and on the climate, resources, and attractions of California; and some of them by their own merits, and many by the intrinsic interest of the subject, have given a certain pleasure to the reader. But among them all we do not remember any equal in clearness of style, in graphic description, or in variety of interesting information, to Mr. Nordhoff's *California*.† The author begins by a description of the journey, and a brief history of the railway, which, as he remarks, is really a work of which the United States at large, as well as its immediate creators, may justly be proud, even in this age of engineering marvels. He gives a lively sketch of the comforts of a Pullman car, by means of which the traveller may enjoy all the comforts of the most luxuriant Cunard or P. & O. steamer, without the nuisance of sea-sickness; may have at command all the resources of an hotel while travelling at his leisure through an endless variety of striking scenery; and may complete a journey of seven days or more in perfect ease, without the fatigue of a cramped position or an unchanged seat, yet without any necessity for leaving the train. Of California itself, its cities and its villages, its natural wonders, its exquisite climate, its vast and varied resources, he gives a vivid and accurate picture. Vineyards, orange groves, almond orchards, cherry orchards, immense tracts of wheat-land, silkworm culture, cotton plantations, almost every resource of a Southern climate, are open to the settler; and, if Mr. Nordhoff's representations are not utterly untruthful—and they agree closely with those of many other authorities—a man may take some eighty or a hundred and sixty acres, plant twenty or forty with vines, almonds, or walnuts, live on the produce of the rest till his trees are grown, and receive from these, at the end of six, eight, or ten years, what even Englishmen would deem a handsome competence for life. The disorders of the old digging days are over; comfort and ease, if not as common, are quite as

\* The Greeks of To-day. By Charles K. Tuckerman, late Minister Resident of the United States at Athens. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. By Charles Nordhoff, Author of "Cape Cod and All Along the Shore," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

obtainable as in the older States; and if Californian farmhouses are often mean and shabby, it is not because the owners can afford no better, but because in such a climate they care little for indoor life. In short, his description gives the idea of a natural Paradise, with the addition of every facility for growing rich that the most unparadisaical spirit could desire; and, making every allowance for the exaggeration of enthusiasm, we are bound to believe that there are few countries in the world where it is at once so pleasant to live and so easy to grow rich as in the Golden State.

Dr. Lawrence, the editor of Wheaton, has collected and reprinted his letters to the *Providence Journal* on the Treaty of Washington, with additions and explanations. The writer was one of the few American jurists who ventured to speak out the conviction which many entertained, that although the United States had a case against us in respect of the *Alabama*, their Government had placed itself in the wrong by the multitude and extravagance of its complaints, and that Great Britain had, on the whole, acted a part by no means unfriendly to the Union. He points out that the recognition of Confederate belligerency by the Queen took place, as a matter of fact, after Mr. Lincoln's Government had begun to exercise the privileges of a state of war; a British ship having been captured at sea on the day before the issue of the Royal Proclamation, and subsequently condemned on the ground that a state of public war did at that time exist; that is to say, the Supreme Court of the United States pronounced that, before Great Britain formally recognized the belligerent status of the South, the Federal Government had virtually done so. He shows that such a measure on our part was not only necessary to our own safety and policy, but indispensable to the North; and, again, that by exercising our neutral option in the way we did, we conferred a benefit on the Federal cause far exceeding any harm that the *Alabama* could do. If we had, as we had a perfect right to do, admitted Confederate prizes, they might have been left in English ports, and condemned by prize courts sitting at Charleston or Mobile. Finally, he argues the question of the Indirect Claims, and censures their introduction into the American Case as justified neither by public law nor by the terms of the Treaty. These papers have only an historical interest; but if they were generally read and understood in America, they would serve to force upon all candid minds the conviction that the interpretation generally put upon the conduct of the British Government during the Civil War is the very reverse of the truth; and that, in reality, England sacrificed her own sympathies and interests to a desire to deal justly by the North, and might, without any violation of neutrality, have so embarrassed the Federal Government and so assisted the South as to make the maintenance of the war almost impossible.

Mr. George Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language* † are not merely instructive, but interesting. They contain plenty of solid information on points and principles of grammar and etymology; and this is made readable by well-chosen examples and judicious arrangement, the details being subordinated to general views, and combined into a consistent and intelligible whole. The most characteristic and entertaining chapters are those which deal not with the origin but with the development of the language—the gradual disappearance of one class of words and the substitution of another—the manner in which words change their meaning, and the course of changes in social life or public opinion which those changes imply; as when words originally connoting moral approval have come to signify mere social standing, or the reverse; or when, as in Italian, terms originally of most abject submission have become the ordinary forms of deference to superiors or even of courtesy between equals. The chapters on Ancient Versification, on Euphemism (a very powerful agent in the modification of modern languages), and that on the English Bible, are especially interesting; and altogether, out of materials which might seem peculiarly dry, and which in a pedant's hand would be insufferably tedious, the lecturer has contrived to produce a book full of suggestion and of interest for all who have any literary or philologic tastes; not too hard or too minute for the fifth form, yet containing very much that would in our youth have been new to first-class University men.

The *Evolution of Life* ‡, by Dr. Chapman, is a treatise on the Darwinian theory; an attempt to trace the development of animal existence by printed description and carefully drawn illustrations from monads and protozoa up to man. The idea might perhaps have been worked out so as to give a clear and coherent view of the order of things and the relations of species and genera, and add new force to the hypothesis upon which this scheme of natural history is founded; but the volume before us, whatever the scientific naturalist may find in it, is to the general reader at once very tedious and very unconvincing.

Mr. Schele de Vere's *Romance of American History* § contains

\* *The Indirect Claims of the United States, under the Treaty of Washington of May 8, 1871, as submitted to the Tribunal of Arbitration of Geneva.* By William Beach Lawrence, LL.D., Author of "Lawrence's Wheaton," and of the "Commentaire sur le Droit International," &c. Providence: Elmer & Brother. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Lectures on the English Language.* By George P. Marsh. First Series. Fourth Edition. Revised and enlarged. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *Evolution of Life.* By Henry C. Chapman, M.D., Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *The Romance of American History: Early Annals.* By M. Schele de Vere. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

the story, briefly and simply told, of a few of the more interesting or remarkable episodes of early American discovery and adventure. Thus "Our First Romance" tells the story of Pocahontas; the "Hidden River" relates the losses, vicissitudes, and disasters endured by a succession of explorers before they were able to trace the course of the Mississippi; "Lost Towns" and "Lost Lands" indicate the contents of chapters filled with anecdotes, tragic or comic, of the early times, and traditional fragments of prehistoric discovery, and the like. Altogether, the volume is shallow and rather flimsy, but unpretentious, and containing not a few facts or fictions "not generally known" concerning the early history of American colonization.

The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is known to all our readers. Dr. Holmes now produces another work in the same style—a continuation of the former, perhaps, if continuation be the right word to use in the case of a book whose successive chapters were not continuous; at any rate, another series of rambling conversation, comment, and reflection about things in general. The characters, however, whose individualities give a little relief to the prolixity of discussion and the monotony of disquisition, are in this volume changed; the narrator appears as poet, not professor, and the chief talker is a certain Master of Arts, whose studies appear to have embraced nearly every subject of human inquiry, social and scientific, physical and metaphysical. In forcible contrast with him, and in sub-contrast with each other, we have an astronomer, who stints himself of time and luxury that he may devote his every hour and dollar to the noblest and largest of sciences, and a microscopic investigator whose world centres in the Entomological Society, but who declares that no man can nowadays be entitled to the name of entomologist, and that for his part the Coleoptera are too much for him, and the single genus Scarabaeus fully occupies the whole of his energy, heart, and thought. There is a lady who lives to be graceful, kindly, and sympathizing, but who, having neither the luck to be married nor the national art of money-making, has sunk into poverty and a boarding-house; and a young girl who earns a bare subsistence by scribbling an incredible quantity of fiction for the lower sort of journals and magazines. What Dr. Holmes can make of such materials, those who have read the "Autocrat" do not need to be told. It may be a mistake to work out so far a vein so peculiar; but the author evidently thinks that it is still unexhausted, and we are not sure that the present specimen is not as rich as that which preceded it.

Another volume of verse by Mr. Whittier, the Quaker champion and poet of Abolition, takes its title from the longest piece it contains. *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim* sketches a household of the olden days when what is now the Keystone State gave refuge to Quaker fugitives from the tyranny of those savage Puritans of New England whom the wildest delusion ever sanctioned by "popular" history has canonized as the champions and martyrs of religious liberty. We need not say that the story is told in verse often vigorous, always graceful, and sometimes exquisitely tender and touching. Of the minor pieces the most notable is a plea for peace, written apparently in the midst of the Civil War—such as many would then have uttered, but few would now reprint. *The Marble Prophecy* †, by Dr. Holland, approaches dangerously near that line of mediocrity proverbially fatal to poets.

Among the more technical works on our list we find a clear and intelligible system of phonographic shorthand §, of which the one vice apparent at first sight is that thick and thin lines, which in writing would always be confounded, are to bear significations as different as f and v; and a treatise on Electroplating ||, an art confined, so far as we know, to professional handcraftsmen, and therefore of no public interest.

Of treatises philosophical or theological we have two; the one a species of American *Bampton Lectures* ¶, on the well-worn controversy between orthodoxy and scepticism, of no very striking note; the other a work of greater pretensions, and apparently of some depth and originality of thought, on the relations between religion and nature \*, in which the whole scheme of nature as represented by the latest discoveries of science is discussed from

\* *The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," &c. London: Routledge & Sons. 1872.

† *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and other Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Marble Prophecy, and other Poems.* By J. G. Holland, Author of "Bitter Sweet," "Kathrina," &c., &c. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

§ *The Complete Phonographer.* By James E. Munson, Official Stenographer to the Surrogate's Court of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

|| *Galeanoplastic Manipulations. A Practical Guide for the Gold and Silver Electroplater, and the Galvanoplastic Operator.* With One Hundred and Twenty-seven Figures in the Text. Translated from the French of Alfred Roseleur. By A. A. Fequet, Chemist and Engineer. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

¶ *Boston Lectures, 1872.* Christianity and Scepticism, embracing a Consideration of important Traits of Christian Doctrine and Experience, and of Leading Facts in the Life of Christ. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. London: Sampson Low & Co.

\* *Religious Philosophy; or, Nature, Man, and the Bible, witnessing to God and to Religious Truth.* Being the substance of Four Courses of Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute between the years 1845-1853. By Alonzo Potter, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Union College, and late Bishop of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

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a religious point of view, and made to bear witness to the vital doctrines of natural religion. This, at any rate, is not to be ranked with ordinary volumes of controversial divinity, or technical "Evidences." We may also mention a "Concordance to the Greek Testament"\*, serving also as a dictionary to the English reader; a Norsk and Danish Grammar and Reader†; and, finally, "Appleton's Guidebook to the Southern States."‡

\* *A Critical Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament.* Prepared by Charles F. Hudson, under the direction of Horace L. Hastings, Editor of "The Christian." Revised and Completed by Ezra Abbot, LL.D., Assistant Librarian of Harvard University. Second Edition, revised. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1871.

† *A Norwegian-Danish Grammar and Reader; with a Vocabulary.* Designed for American Students of the Norwegian-Danish Language. By the Rev. C. J. Peterson, Norwegian Lutheran Pastor in Chicago, Professor of Scandinavian Literature, and Member of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Tribbner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Appleton's Handbook of American Travel.* The Southern Tour; being a Guide through Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. With Maps of Leading Routes of Travel and of the Principal Cities. By Edward H. Hall. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

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BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—St. James's Hall.—Programme: FIRST CONCERT, Thursday, December 5, eight o'clock: Overture, Ray Blas; Mendelssohn; air, Sweet Bird; Hand, flute obligato; Mr. Radcliffe; Madame Lemmens-Schmitz; Schubert, 5th Symphony; Beethoven, air, more than Angry Storm; Benches—Mr. Lewis Thomas; Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, F major; Bennett—Madame Arabella Goddard; Duet, Dearest, let thy Footsteps, Soothe—Madame Lemmens-Schmitz and Mr. Lewis Thomas; Overture, Oberon, Weber. Conductor, Mr. George Macfarren. Grand Orchestra of seventy-five performers. Principal violin, Mr. Carroll. Subscription £5. Concerts, 1s., 2s., and 2s. 6d. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s., and 1s., at the usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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